W-85

"WHITE HEAT"

5/4/49

PART I

REV. FINAL

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FORM 236

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1 SCRIPT

5/4/49

PART I

REV. FINAL

Title "WHITE HEAT"

Signed

"WHITE HEAT"

Screenplay

by

Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts

UNLESS MIMEOGRAPHED (BLUE PAGED) !!!

NO DIALOGUE CHANGES, EITHER ADDITIONS
OR DELETIONS, AND NO SET OR PRODUCTION
CHANGES ARE TO BE MADE IN THIS SCRIPT
WITHOUT THE WRITTEN APPROVAL OF
J. L. WARNER, STEVE TRILLING OR T.C. WRIGHT.

CAST AND CREDITS

"W H I T E H E A T"

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Starring

James Cagney	as	Cody Jarrett
Virginia Mayo	as	Verna Jarrett
	with	
Edmond O'Brien	as	Hank Fallon (Vic Pardo)
Margaret Wycherly	as	Ma Jarrett
Steve Cochran	as	"Big Ed" Somers"
John Archer	as	Philip Evans
Wally Cassell	as	Cotton Valetti
Mickey Knox	as	Het Kohler
Ian MacDonald	as	Bo Creel
Fred Clark	as	The Trader
G. Pat Collins	as	The Reader
Paul Guilfoyle	as	Roy Parker
Fred Coby	as	Happy Taylor
Ford Rainey	as	Zuckie Hommell
Robert Osterloh	as	Tommy Ryley

Produced by Louis F. Edelman
Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts
Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg
Photography by Sid Hickox, A.S.C.
Art Director Edward Carrere
Sound by Leslie G. Hewitt

Film Editor Owen Marks
Special Effects by Roy Davidson, Director; H.F.Koenekamp, A.S.C.
Wardrobe by Leah Rhodes
Makeup Artist Perc Westmore
Set Decorator Fred M. MacLean
Music by Max Steiner
Orchestrations by Murray Cutter
Assistant Director Russell Saunders

* * * *

6-22-49

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CODY JARRETT.....	Leader of the Jarrett mob, arrogant, devoid of fear or conscience, yet with a neurotic dependence on his mother.
HANK FALLON..... (VIC PARDO)	A Federal "roper" whose job is to enter prisons as a convict in order to gain information. Young, capable, good humored.
MA JARRETT.....	Cody's mother. Cruel, hard, living only to prevent any harm befalling the son she has reared as a hoodlum.
PHILIP EVANS.....	A Treasury Agent, head of the Los Angeles Bureau.
VERNA JARRETT.....	Cody's wife. Beautiful, greedy, vain. Her philosophy: What's in it for Verna?
BIG ED SOMERS.....	A rapacious member of the Jarrett gang, destroyed by his ambition and his desire for Cody's wife.
MARGARET BAXTER.....	Employed by the Treasury Department to impersonate "Mrs. Vic Pardo".
ERNIE TRENT.....	Evans' laboratory assistant.
THE TRADER.....	He is high finance's loss; he is crime's gain. A gentleman of distinction. A fence.
WILLIE ROLPH.....	An informer.
ZUCKIE HOMMEL.....) COTTON VALETTI.....) HAPPY TAYLOR.....) HET KOHLER.....)	Members of the Jarrett gang.
ROY PARKER.....	A thin-lipped, sallow convict - a professional killer, but a coward.
THE READER.....) TOMMY RYLEY.....)	Cell-mates of Cody and Pardo. The Reader is an old lifer; Tommy Ryley is a fat, humorous trusty.
BO CREEL.....	A convict once arrested by Hank Fallon.

(CONTINUED)

CAST OF CHARACTERS - (Cont.)

PRISON GUARDS	GOVERNMENT AGENTS
PRISON DOCTOR	RADIO ANNOUNCER
TWO PSYCHIATRISTS	GAS ATTENDANT
JUDGE	POLICE CHIEF
POLICE SURGEON	LAWYER
TRAIN CREW	CLERK OF COURT

Etc. Etc.

- - -

FADE IN

CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED OVER PANNING DAWN SHOT of mountainous terrain, bleak, ominous. On last credit CAMERA reaches a sign which reads: "California State Line". As last credit FADES OUT, PAN UP to show glistening steel ribbons of a railroad track as a train - modern but not Diesel - approaches CAMERA, thunders past.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

1. INT. PASSENGER COACH DAWN

Most of the occupants asleep. BIG ED SOMERS, leaning back in his seat, pushes his hat brim back, glances at his watch, then looks across aisle.

2. CLOSE SHOT HAPPY TAYLOR

Moon-faced, sad-looking, Happy catches Big Ed's glance, looks at his own watch, nods to Big Ed.

3. EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS LONG SHOT DAWN

Train going through railroad cut. PAN to adjacent highway. A car is seen speeding along in the same direction as the train, moving past it.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

4. INT. CODY JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS) DAWN

HET KOHLER is driving. Beside him sits CODY JARRETT, cold-eyed, merciless. ZUCKIE HOMMEL and COTTON VALETTI sit in rear of car. Zuckie is garrulous; Cotton has a sallow, weak face. Cody looks at his watch, nudges Het, gestures for him to drive faster.

5. EXT. HIGHWAY MED. LONG SHOT DAWN

Car picks up speed.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

6. EXT. MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN RAILROAD TRACKS DAWN

as train approaches CAMERA, starting its climb.

7. CLOSE RUNBY

on train wheels, slowing as train begins ascent.

8. LONG SHOT REAR ANGLE

as train disappears into the night, climbing mountainside.

9. EXT. HIGHWAY LONG SHOT DAWN

Cody's car speeding along highway. Car swerves off highway onto dirt road, jounces along rutted road.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

10. EXT. RAILROAD NEAR TUNNEL MOUTH DAWN

Cody's car comes across a small bridge, is braked to a stop. The four men come swiftly from the car. Het and Cotton carry sticks of dynamite, rolls of fuse wire, a detonating machine. They scurry down to the roadbed where a spur forks off the main tracks.

11. GROUP

CODY:
Het - Cotton - the minute we got the train on the spur - start hoppin'. Zuckie - ya know what to do?

ZUCKIE:
Sure, Cody. I throw the switch - then I beat it back to the---

CODY:
Just do it. Don't gab so much.

Cody exits SHOT toward tunnel mouth. While Het prepares his blasting equipment and Cotton checks his gun, Zuckie tries to throw the switch. It is locked. Zuckie draws his gun, explodes the lock, throws switch.

11a. CODY AT TUNNEL MOUTH

He clambers up the side of the ravine, inches across to a ledge overlooking the tracks.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

12. EXT. MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN DAWN

Train labors up a steep grade.

13. INT. TRAIN CLOSE HAPPY TAYLOR

He looks at his watch, rises and starts for the rear of the train, passing Big Ed Somers, who feigns sleep.

WIPE TO:

14. INT. REAR COACH OF TRAIN MED. BRAKEMAN

He has just poured himself a cup of coffee from a thermos flask when Happy Taylor enters silently. The Brakeman backs away from the muzzle of a revolver.

15. EXT. LEDGE AT MOUTH OF TUNNEL CLOSE NIGHT

On Cody, crouched tensely, waiting. In distance train WHISTLE is HEARD.

16. INT. REAR COACH OF TRAIN

The door to the coach is opened, arousing a moment's hope in the Brakeman. Then Big Ed Somers enters, dragging the unconscious conductor, who has blood on his forehead. Big Ed has his revolver drawn.

BIG ED:
The conductor didn't want to play.
(drops him to floor)
How's this guy?

HAPPY:
Nice willin' guy.

BRAKEMAN:
(moistens lips)
What do you want me to do?

BIG ED:
Stop the train and let us off.

Brakeman reaches for emergency cord.

HAPPY:
When we tell ya.

17. EXT. TRAIN DAWN

as it disappears into tunnel.

18. INT. REAR COACH

Big Ed is looking out of the window. When the rear coach enters the tunnel:

BIG ED:
(to brakeman)
This is where we want off.

In desperation the Brakeman dives for thermos flask and swings it against Happy's skull, knocking him down. Big Ed, pausing only long enough to shoot the Brakeman, leaps

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)
across the caboose and pulls the emergency cord, twice. Happy begins to get to his feet.

19. EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH HIGH ANGLE SHOOTING PAST CODY

The engine appears, its brakes grinding. Cody leaps from the ledge to the engine tender, gun drawn, and is in the engine cab before the men know it.

20. INT. ENGINE CAB

The ENGINEER and FIREMAN turn from their controls, stare into the menace of Cody's gun. Their hands go up. The train has stopped.

CODY:
Get away from those controls.
(Zuckie who clambers aboard takes the controls)

FIREMAN:
What's the idea?

CODY:
You're seven minutes late. We decided to put on a new engineer.

ZUCKIE:
(as train starts slowly)
Lot fancier'n my old coal-burner on the C. and O.

CODY:
Shut up!

21. FULL SHOT

The engine veers off the main tracks on to the spur. Leaning from the cab, but keeping the engine crew covered, Cody shouts an order to Cotton and Het as they pass engine with equipment.

They disappear toward mail car as train comes to a stop.

22. EXT. AT REAR COACH

Big Ed Somers and Happy Taylor swing down, guns in hand, pelt up the adjacent track toward front of train.

23. EXT. AT MAIL CAR

Cotton Valetti mounts the steps of the mail car, crashes the glass on top half of door, but does not disturb the protecting wire mesh.

COTTON:
Open up and you won't get hurt.

For reply, a bullet from inside the mail car whizzes by his head. Cotton returns the fire, while Het Kohler ties a charge of dynamite to the door rail.

24. CLOSE SHOT HET KOHLER

Swiftly, with experienced fingers, he finishes tying the charge of dynamite to the door rail.

25. MED. IN ENGINE CAB

Cody's gun still menaces engine crew. SHOTS ARE HEARD.

ZUCKIE:
Sounds bad, Cody.

The exchange of looks between Fireman and Engineer at the name is not lost upon Cody, who snarls at Zuckie.

CODY:
Why don't ya give 'em my address, too?

25a. EXT. MAIL CAR HET, COTTON, BIG ED AND HAPPY

retreat to a safe distance, CAMERA PANNING. Het goes to blasting machine, pushes the plunger. There is a ROAR. The four men rush back into the smoke and fumes.

25b. MED. IN ENGINE CAB

CODY:
(yelling)
Don't fool around with the other bags! Just the Treasury stuff!

ENGINEER:
You won't get away with it, Cody.

CODY:
Cody, eh?
(to Zuckie)
Go get the car started.
(coldly - to Engineer)
You got a good memory for names. Too good.

He cocks his .45 as Zuckie starts to descend.

26. CLOSE FIREMAN

his face fixed with horror. Cody's gun explodes o.s., sending death into the body of the Engineer. As he crumples, his arm trails lifelessly, without strength, along the Fireman's sleeve, drops from sight. The Fireman stares down, then back at Cody. In Cody's face he sees mirrored his own death, and is afraid.

FIREMAN:
I got a wife - kids...

27. CLOSE SHOT ZUCKIE

standing on rail-bed beside cab. He turns, listens - ashen-faced. Cody's gun spits death again.

28. INT. ENGINE CAB

The Fireman is in the act of falling. As he hits against the wall of instruments, his arm strikes the blow-off cock lever, jerking it open. There is a ROAR of escaping steam, and, simultaneously, Zuckie's piercing scream.

29. CLOSE ZUCKIE

The full force of the engine's steam pressure erupts in his face - scalding, blinding, shooting a hundred feet past him. Zuckie's scream lasts but a second, then becomes a piteous moan as he falls.

30. INT. ENGINE CAB

With his foot, Cody kicks up the blow-off cock. The steam instantly subsiding, he descends from the cab.

31. EXT. ENGINE

As Cody reaches the ground, with hardly a glance for the writhing Zuckie, the other bandits run into SHOT. Het Kohler trimphantly holds up a registered mail bag. Cody takes it, with a look of satisfaction. Cotton bends over his pal Zuckie, drags him up.

CODY:
(savagely)
Let's get out of here!

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

He starts for the car, followed by Big Ed, Het Kohler with the detonating machine, and Happy Taylor, lending Cotton Valetti a hand in carrying Zuckie. Behind them all is death and destruction.

DISSOLVE TO:

32. INT. BROADCASTING BOOTH CLOSE ON ANNOUNCER DAY

RADIO ANNOUNCER:
(into microphone)
A week has passed since bandits jumped a mail train coming out of the High Sierra tunnel and fled with $300,000 in Federal currency, leaving four dead. Treasury authorities now believe....

WIPE TO:

33. INT. MOUNTAIN SHED DAY

Two cars inside shed. At one of them, listening to the radio, stands Cotton. Also listening, while he stands guard leaning against entrance to shed, is Big Ed, rifle held in gloved hands. They are both bundled up against the cold. We HEAR the scream of strong winds. In b.g. is a rustic cabin. Its door opens and Het and Happy, heavily bundled, come out, leaning against the wind.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
...that the gang has escaped to Arizona, where today a bank was raided and two tellers killed with the same cold-bloodedness that characterized the tunnel robbery.

COTTON:
(snaps off radio)
Now we're supposed to be in Arizona.

BIG ED:
Any place'd be better than this.

Cotton joins him at door as their "relief" arrives. Big Ed hands Het the rifle, and starts back to cabin with Cotton.

34. EXT. DOLLY SHOT BIG ED AND COTTON

BIG ED:
We gotta blow out of here.

COTTON:
Cody calls chargin' roadblocks unscientific.

BIG ED:
It ain't safe to have a crackpot givin' orders. About time somebody took over.

COTTON:
Who, for instance?

BIG ED:
A good friend of mine. Me.

COTTON:
Where d'ya want the body sent?

Big Ed glares at him as they enter cabin.

35. INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN

A table, wooden chairs, a couch, an unlit fireplace. Cody sits in a chair near bedroom door, cleaning his .45, a yard from MA JARRETT, who is cooking stew on a small two-burner oil stove. The founders of Mother's Day would have reconsidered it quickly if they had ever met Ma, a woman in her middle sixties. Cotton and Big Ed enter. Cotton goes to a couch on which sprawls the moaning Zuckie, face bandaged. Everyone is bundled up against the cold.

CODY:
Been playing golf, Ed?

BIG ED:
We got a sackful of dough and we're holed up like a bunch of gophers. When are we movin' outa here?

CODY:
Maybe tomorrow - maybe 1952. I'll mull it over. All right?

Their eyes meet. Ed gives way, mouth tightening. Cody grins, goes to the stove, sniffs appreciatively.

CODY:
Smells good, Ma.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

MA JARRETT:
If you're gettin' hungry I could use some help, son.

CODY:
(kicks bedroom door)
Hey, Verna!

VERNA'S VOICE:
Yeah, Cody ... Comin'.

36. INT. BEDROOM MED. SHOT VERNA JARRETT

Verna moves from the bed toward door, tightening her robe. Her face is beautiful, and about as warm as snow. Verna's philosophy is simple: What's in it for Verna?

37. INT. CABIN

MA JARRETT:
(as Verna enters)
If it ain't the Sleepin' Beauty!

VERNA:
(snapping)
What else does a girl do around this palais de dance?

MA JARRETT:
There's plenty ya can do besides wearin' out the mattress.

VERNA:
It's the only place I don't freeze.
(appeals to Cody)
I been cold for a week, Cody. Not even a fire. Who's gonna see a little bit of smoke a hundred miles from nowhere?

CODY:
Help Ma with the grub.

Verna shrugs, moves to stove. Zuckie moans.

CODY:
(to Cotton)
How's he doin'?

COTTON:
He's gettin' worse, Cody. He needs a doc.

CODY:
When the time comes.

VERNA:
Ya want some coffee, Ed?

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

Big Ed looks at her, his passion but thinly disguised. Cody looks from one to the other swiftly.

BIG ED:

Thanks, Verna!

CODY:

(sharply)

Let him get his own! My wife don't wait on nobody.

Big Ed seems about to say something, thinks better of it, moves over to stove to pour his own coffee.

38. CLOSE ON CODY (SITS IN CHAIR, BEGINS TO LOAD HIS .45)

CODY:

Ya know somethin', Verna? If I turned my back long enough for Big Ed to put a hole in it - there'd be a hole in it.

(chuckles)

Big Ed. Know why they call him that? 'Cause his ideas are big. Well, one day he'll get a really big idea - and that'll be his last.

He frowns suddenly, shakes his head as if in pain.

39. CLOSE MA JARRETT

watching Cody closely, with concern.

40. CLOSE ON CODY

recovering momentarily, he goes to place another bullet in revolver chamber, but his fingers seem to lose control and the bullet, missing its goal, drops to floor. Cody frowns stares glassily. The pain returns. An agonized groan escapes him. He rises blindly, stumbles into the bedroom.

41. MED. FULL SHOT

The others have watched Cody's exit silently. Ma Jarrett is genuinely alarmed. With a glare at the others, she follows Cody into bedroom. The door closes.

42. INT. BEDROOM

Ma Jarrett bolts door. Cody has flung himself across bed. He breathes laboredly - sweating - his fingers clutching the rough blanket. Ma goes to window, pulls down the blinds, then moves swiftly over to Cody. She clutches his hand tightly - rubs his back, croons over him - the tigress suddenly becomes gentle with her cub.

CODY:

(with difficulty)

Ma!

MA JARRETT:

I'm here, Cody.

43. INT. CABIN CLOSE VERNA AND BIG ED

VERNA:
(trembling; a whisper)
That's the second one in a month.

BIG ED:
(thinly)
He's nuts. Just like his old man.

Verna looks at him speculatively.

44. INT. BEDROOM

Under Ma's ministrations, Cody is regaining control.

MA JARRETT:
It's these mountains, Cody. It's no good for you. Cold all the time. The air's hard to breathe. Let's get out, son.

CODY:
I'm all right now.

MA JARRETT:
Is it goin'? Are you sure?

CODY:
Yeah...
(shakes head)
Like havin' a buzz-saw inside my head.
(starts to rise)

MA JARRETT:
Not yet, Cody. Don't let 'em see you like this. Might give some of 'em ideas.

CODY:
Always worryin' about Cody.

He sits back on bed. While Ma pours him drink he rubs away the last traces of pain. Ma hands him drink.

MA JARRETT:
Top of the world, son.

CODY:
Don't know what I'd do without ya, Ma.
(downs drink)

MA JARRETT:
Better?
(Cody nods)
Now go out there and show 'em you're all right.

Cody pats her hand, exits into outer room.

45. INT. CABIN

The others look at Cody as he comes out of bedroom.

CODY:
What're ye all gapin' at?
(to Verna)
I told you to help with the groceries.

As Verna turns back to stove, we HEAR Happy calling "Cody!" o.s. Then, excited, he runs in from outside.

HAPPY:
Hey, Cody! There's a storm comin'. Every road'll be blocked the guy said.

CODY:
What guy?

HAPPY:
On the radio.

CODY:
How long did he give it?

HAPPY:
Tonight.

CODY:
That's what I been waitin' for. Start packin'.

MA JARRETT:
Are ya sure it's safe, Cody?

CODY:
A storm keeps everybody busy.
(designating jobs)
Chains on all the tires. Clean it good in here. Don't leave any calling cards.
(goes to Happy, cuffs him hard)
I told ya to keep away from the radio. If that battery's dead, it'll have company.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. INT. BEDROOM CLOSE BED

A suitcase is dropped onto the bed. Cody's hands open the lid to check on the contents - stack upon stack of new twenty-dollar bills. When the lid is closed again, it bears Verna's shadow.

VERNA'S VOICE:
(a purr)
It's your suitcase, Cody. Why don't ya keep it all?

DRAW BACK to show Cody looking at her, sardonically. Dressed now, she wears a fur coat.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

CODY:
You're cute. Come here.

VERNA:
(as he fondles her)
Why don't ya? We could travel - buy things. That's what money's for. I'd look good in a mink coat, honey.

CODY:
You'd look good in a shower curtain.
(he kisses her)

47. INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN

It is stripped bare. Cotton Valetti and Ma Jarrett are filling a sack with all the dishes and the pots and empty bottles. Zuckie lies on the couch, too weak now to move. The preparations of the last half hour have worked up an enormous fear within him.

ZUCKIE:
Cotton!.....Cotton!.....

COTTON:
(crossing to him)
Yeah, Zuckie. I'm here.

ZUCKIE:
We're pals, Cotton. You'll see I get away all right? See I get to a doc?

COTTON:
(uncertainly)
Sure, Zuckie. Sure.

Cody comes in from bedroom, followed by Verna. They are bundled up for outdoors. Cody carries the suitcase.

MA JARRETT:
Everything's set.

ZUCKIE:
Cody.....?

CODY:
Yeah.

ZUCKIE:
I was pretty good back there on the train, huh, Cody? Pretty good for my first job, huh?

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

CODY:
You were great.

ZUCKIE:
(hopefully)
Ya won't leave me here? Ya'll take me with ya?

CODY:
Can't take a chance bein' stopped with you in the car, Zuckie. I'll send a doc back right away.

The others look at Cody. They all know he is lying. So does Zuckie. He fumbles blindly for the gun beneath his pillow. It is gone. Ma Jarrett shows it to Cody. With a helpless cry, Zuckie collapses back on pillow.

ZUCKIE:
You're gonna let me die! If I had my eyes....If I had my eyes....

Cody leads the others out - Cotton looking back conscience-stricken at his pal.

48. EXT. CABIN

Zuckie's moaning can be heard as group comes out. Cotton lingers, agonized.

ZUCKIE'S VOICE:
Cody!.....Cody!.....Cotton!.....

MA JARRETT:
What if they find him, Cody? You know how Zuckie talks.

CODY:
He won't be talkin'.....Cotton!

They have reached the cars, which Het and Big Ed have moved out into the open. Cotton runs up.

COTTON:
Ya meant what you said, Cody? About sendin' a doc?

CODY:
A specialist. You.
(hands him revolver)
You're such a pal, make it easy for him.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

CODY: (Cont.)
(Cotton stares at revolver)
Step on it.

The others watch tensely. Cotton wavers a second, then moves slowly toward cabin.

CODY:
We're three hundred miles from the tunnel, Ma - so what've they got? A corpse without a record. Nothin' to tie him in with the tunnel job - or with us.

49. EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE (SHOOTING PAST GROUP TOWARD CABIN)

as Cotton enters cabin. The pause is almost endless. INTERCUT CLOSE reaction SHOTS: Het and Happy, tense- Cody and Ma impassive - Big Ed and Verna exchanging looks. Then the revolver shot from inside cabin.

50. INT. CABIN

Cotton, bent over Zuckie, has just fired at the ceiling.

COTTON:
(low - swift)
Don't make a sound, Zuckie. I'll try to come back. Here's some smokes.

Slips pack of cigarettes into Zuckie's pocket, exits.

ZUCKIE:
Thanks, Cotton.....Thanks.

51. EXT. GROUP

As Cotton comes out, face grim, moves toward cars.

CODY:
We'll seperate. Het - you take the second car. Go east when ya hit the highway. Double back over the bridge. And stay on the dirt roads.

Cody gets behind the wheel of the first sedan, as the others pile into the cars. As Cotton reaches Cody's car, and gets in, he gives Cody a peculiarly triumphant look, unnoticed by Cody. The first car starts down along the narrow road, the second car following. CAMERA PANS until they round a bend in the road.

52. EXT. FRONT DOOR OF CABIN

It opens slowly. Zuckie stumbles out.

ZUCKIE:
No, Cotton - I don't trust ya - I don't trust nobody - ya won't come back - ya won't come back.....

53. EXT. HIGH ANGLE SHOT ZUCKIE

as he gropes his way into the clearing with his last remaining strength. He falls, rises, lurches forward. A tree is in his path. He collides with it, falls. He tries to rise, but his strength fails and he sprawls unconscious.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

54. INT. MORGUE CLOSE SHOT ON SHEET DAY

Held up by a man's hand so that it momentarily obscures everything. A flashbulb explodes. Then as CHIEF OF POLICE'S VOICE is HEARD, the sheet is lowered back onto Zuckie's body which (not until covered) is revealed on slab.

CHIEF'S VOICE:
Hope I didn't get you up here on a wild goose chase, Mr. Evans.

EVANS' VOICE:
The geese we're looking for are pretty wild.

Visible now, flanking body, are the POLICE SURGEON and PHILIP EVANS, a tall, lean Tresury Agent; the Chief of Police behind Evans; and ERNIE TRENT, a bespectacled, studious-looking technician removing spent flashbulb from his camera.

CHIEF OF POLICE:
Couple of hunters found him frozen up in the mountains and we started wondering. A stranger - bullet hole in the roof of the cabin - and particularly the condition of his face. Tell him, doc.

POLICE SURGEON:
Despite the third degree burn the eyebrows and hairline weren't even singed. That means either boiling water, or steam.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

CHIEF OF POLICE:
So we thought of a steam engine.

EVANS:
Good hunch. Let me have his clothes. Ernie - get his fingerprints and take a mask of his face.

CHIEF OF POLICE:
Here you are, Mr. Evans. Nothing in the pockets except this pack of cigarettes.

From a wall the Chief has taken a hanger supporting Zuckie's clothes. As he hands it to Evans, MOVE IN CLOSE to show pack of cigarettes pinned to clothes in cellophane envelope.

DISSOLVE TO:

55. INT. EVANS' OFFICE NIGHT

CLOSE on WILLIE ROLPH, a weasel-like informer.

WILLIE:
... So, like ya told me, Mr. Evans, I made the rounds for a month - driftin' kinda - not too eager - you know, just droppin' a word in the right ears, that I'm interested in pickin' up a few hot dollars. But not a buck from the tunnel job showed up.

Through this, PULL BACK to SHOW Evans at his desk. His office is furnished with steel files, a teletype, on the wall behind him, between crossed flags, is a picture of the President.

EVANS:
They haven't buried it in tin cans, Willie. Keep looking.

WILLIE:
I'll go out the back way if you don't mind. Any o' the boys spotted me comin' up here, I'll be in a real jam.

He backs out, almost upsetting Ernie Trent, who enters from the lab, carrying two photographs.

TRENT:
Get anything out of Willie?

EVANS:
A blank.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

TRENT:
This'll cheer you up, Phil.
(hands him photo)
Spectrograph of some dirt from the tunnel.
(hands him second photo)
Spectrograph of dust deposits from the dead man's clothes.

56. INSERT: PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPECTROSCOPE FINDINGS

The enlargements of the dust particles in each photograph are seen to match exactly.

TRENT'S VOICE:
No doubt about it. Identical. All adds up and places our friend in the morgue right smack at the scene of the crime.

57. BACK TO SCENE

Evans returns photos to Ernie with grim satisfaction.

EVANS:
Looks like we're in business.

Teletype starts. Evans moves to it eagerly, reads heading.

EVANS:
From Washington...
(slowly)
Have - no- fingerprint - record - dead - man ...
(teletype pauses; glumly)
That's one I never expected. Dead man. Dead end.
(teletype resumes; reads slowly but with mounting excitement)
... But - prints - on - cellophane - of - cigarette - package - belong - Giovanni - Cotton - Valetti - known-member - Jarrett - gang....
(picks up Zuckie's death mask)
I thought you were never going to talk ....

DISSOLVE TO:

58. EXT. AUTO COURT SIGN NIGHT

reading: "MILBANKE MOTELS - All Over Los Angeles". PAN DOWN as a dark coupe drives in entrance, skirts around the back line of auto courts, stops.

59. EXT. AT COUPE

Cody gets out, looks around quickly, goes to rear of a darkened auto court, raps softly on door, calls "Ma" in a low voice. No answer. Cody frowns, moves quickly to adjoining auto court, enters.

60. INT. AUTO COURT NIGHT

Verna is at a mirror admiring herself in her new mink coat as Cody comes in.

CODY:
(tensely)
Where's Ma?

VERNA:
She went to the market.

CODY:
Which one?

VERNA:
Ma don't tell me those little details. What difference does it make, which one?

CODY:
The difference is they got Zuckie in a morgue upstate. The T-men tied him in with us on the tunnel job.

VERNA:
(startled)
What?

CODY:
Dunno how they did it. Somebody musta tipped them.
(looks impatiently at watch)

VERNA:
It's always somebody tipped them... Never the cops are smart.

CODY:
(more tensely)
We got enough food for a week! What she have to go out for?

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

VERNA:
(sardonically)
Ya like strawberries, don't ya? Well, she just had to get some for her boy.

Cody gives her a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

61. MARKET CLOSE ON MA JARRETT NIGHT

She picks up a box of strawberries from the sidewalk display and goes inside to make other purchases. PAN to a nearby telephone booth.

62. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH NIGHT

GOVERNMENT AGENT:
(into phone)
... Her car's parked outside pointing north. '41 black De Soto sedan - California 8L9494 - '49 tabs. There'll be a marker on the rear bumper... That's what I thought, Mr. Evans. Where Cody goes, Ma goes.

Hangs up, tears handkerchief in two.

63. EXT. STREET GOVERNMENT AGENT

Comes out of phone booth, walks along sidewalk to Ma's sedan, pretends to tie shoe lace on rear bumper, hangs a small strip of handkerchief from guard, innocently crosses street OUT OF SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. INT. EVANS' CAR (PROCESS) NIGHT

An inconspicuous dark business coupe. Evans marks a street map on his lap. A SECOND AGENT drives.

DISSOLVE TO:

65. STREET INSIDE EVANS' CAR NIGHT

parked at the curb, sixty feet behind Ma's sedan.

EVANS:
(into microphone)
We'll use the A.B.C. method. I'm B. I'll keep first position behind suspect on Orengo Boulevard.

66. INSERT: MAP OF LOS ANGELES ON EVANS' LAP

his pencil marking A.B.C. on the appropriate street locations.

67. INT. A SMALL SEDAN PARKED IN DIFFERENT STREET LOCATION

The agent listens intently as Evans' voice COMES OVER.

EVANS' VOICE:
227, you're A. You drive parallel on Latimer.

AGENT:
(into mike)
Okay.

68. INT. ANOTHER SMALL SEDAN EXT. ANOTHER STREET

as another agent listens intently.

EVANS' VOICE:
323, you're C. The same on Fairchild. Got that?

AGENT:
(into mike)
Okay.

69. AT EVANS' CAR (SHOOTING TOWARD MARKET)

Evans reacts to something he sees o.s.

70. MARKET MA JARRETT (FROM EVANS' ANGLE)

as she exits, moving to her car. She carries a full bag of purchases.

71. EXT. STREET HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT

Ma Jarrett's car pulls away from curb. Evans' car follows - keeping a fair distance between them.

72. INT. EVANS' CAR (PROCESS)

EVANS:
(into microphone)
Suspect proceeding dead ahead on Beverly. Approaching Alvarado.

73. INT. MA JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS)

Her sixth sense makes her glance into rear-view mirror.

74. THROUGH REAR-VIEW MIRROR MA JARRETT'S ANGLE (PROCESS)

She sees Evans' car, some distance behind.

75. INT. MA JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS)

She frowns. As car reaches corner, she turns sharply.

76. EXT. INTERSECTION MA JARRETT'S CAR

as it makes the turn.

77. INT. MA JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS)

Again Ma glances into rear-view mirror.

78. THROUGH REAR-VIEW MIRROR MA JARRETT'S ANGLE (PROCESS)

Evans' car is seen as it reaches the intersection, proceeds directly ahead without turning.

79. INT. MA JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS)

Her mouth relaxes a little.

80. INT. EVANS' CAR (PROCESS)

EVANS:
(into microphone)
Suspect turned south on Alvarado...
A - pick her up at Second. We'll
take your position.

81. EXT. STREET HIGH ANGLE

As Ma Jarrett's car moves across another intersection, still going south, a small dark sedan makes the turn from the cross-street and takes up its position behind her car - keeping a discreet distance.

82. INT. CAR A (PROCESS)

OPERATIVE:
(into microphone)
Got her. Travelling dead ahead on
Alvarado. Twenty miles an hour.

83. INT. MA JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS)

Ma, tough to convince, still feels eyes upon her. Looks glancingly in rear-view mirror again, shakes head slightly. Then looks front, swings wheel.

84. INT. CAR A (SHOOTING FROM BEHIND OPERATIVE) (PROCESS)

OPERATIVE:
(into microphone)
Suspect turning East on Third.

85. INT. EVANS' CAR (PROCESS)

EVANS:
(into microphone)
Let her go. C - cut in fast and pick her up.

86. INT. MA JARRETT'S CAR (PROCESS)

This time when she looks into the rear-view mirror and sees the road clear behind her, she grins, satisfied that she has thrown any pursuer off her trail.

87. EXT. SIDE STREET

As Ma Jarrett's car comes past, Car C - a small gun-metal sedan - turns in from the side street and takes its position behind Ma's car at a discreet interval.

88. INT. CAR C (PROCESS)

OPERATIVE:
(into microphone)
Got her. Going due East. About thirty... Hold the phone! She's turning left on Baxter.

89. INT. EVANS' CAR (PROCESS)

EVANS:
(into microphone)
I'll cut in and pick her up as she comes through. C - turn off and parallel Baxter.

Evans' car turns swiftly into a cross street.

90. MA JARRETT'S CAR

It proceeds along Baxter past a corner, where Evans' car cuts in behind her.

91. INT. EVANS' CAR (SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

Ma's car not far ahead. Suddenly a truck backs out from a building, right in the path of Evans' car, which avoids an accident only by wheeling over to curb.

EVANS:
Get around it!

Evans' driver backs, wheels around the obstructing truck. But the street is empty. A few yards away is a turn-off.

EVANS:
(into microphone)
A - C - cut into Baxter again!
I've lost her!
(indicating turn-off)
Down there.

The car makes the turn.

WIPE TO:

92. INT. EVANS' CAR (PROCESS) NIGHT

as it cruises. Evans' face tells the whole story.

EVANS:
(into microphone)
Come in A. Any trace?
(a harsh crackling)
Come in C. Come in C.
(crackling persists)
EVANS' DRIVER:
Dead spot, Phil.

EVANS:
It would be. Turn around - we'll go back.

93. EXT. STREET NEAR MILBANKE MOTELS PANNING

Evans' driver backs into driveway of auto court, preparatory to making turn. Evans glances out of window. CAMERA HOLDS as car stops and driver puts it into first gear. Evans grips driver's arm.

94. MA JARRETT'S CAR (EVANS' ANGLE)

Parked before one of the rear bungalows. CAMERA DOLLIES UP SWIFTLY TO CLOSE on the strip of tell-tale handkerchief affixed to the rear bumper.

95. INT. EVANS' CAR

Evans - tense with excitement - furiously tries the radio controls, but they are still in the dead spot.

EVANS:
(opening car door)
Beat it up the hill - call the others.

DRIVER:
You're not going to tackle them alone?

EVANS:
I'll just keep an eye on 'em. Hurry.

As the car drives off, Evans heads for rear of auto court, gun in hand.

96. INT. AUTO COURT CODY, VERNA, MA NIGHT

They are finishing packing - with the dexterity of people who do it often and swiftly. The atmosphere is tense.

VERNA:
What's the use of money if we gotta start runnin' every time somebody sees a shadow?

MA JARRETT:
It was only a feelin' I had, Cody. I could've been wrong.

CODY:
Your hunches are never wrong, Ma. We leave the sedan. That's the one they'll be lookin' for. Get the bags. I'll back up the coupe.

He exits through back door.

97. EXT. REAR OF AUTO COURT

PAN CODY from the rear of auto court to his parked car. He slides behind the wheel.

98. MED. CLOSE CODY

As he leans forward and inserts the key in the ignition lock, the figure of Phil Evans materializes out of the darkness and levels a revolver at Cody's head.

EVANS:
You're not going anywhere, Jarrett.
Get your hands up where I can see them.

It might be a smile that Cody directs at Evans, but the moon is playing tricks with light and shade. He raises his hands.

99. INT. CODY'S CAR CLOSE AT TOP OF WINDSHIELD

Cody's hands in SHOT. Attached to driver's sun visor is a .45 - only inches from Cody's upraised hands.

100. EVANS AND CODY

Evans reaches his free hand forward, snaps down the door handle, opens door. The enigmatic look remains on Cody's face as he twists his body and swings feet out, hands still upraised. Evans watches intently. Cody isn't the surrendering type.

101. CODY (EVANS' ANGLE)

With a flashing movement of his arm, Cody acts. He fires practically at the same instant that he grabs his gun - falling away as he shoots.

102. CLOSE EVANS

The bullet in his right shoulder spins him around. He clutches wound in a paroxysm of pain, tries to lift gun but it drops limply from his hand as he falls.

103. FULL SHOT

As Ma Jarrett and Verna rush to join Cody in the car, VOICES come OVER - disturbed auto-court patrons - a woman's shrill cry. The car roars away.

104. EXT. FRONT OF MOTOR COURT

Cody's car swerves onto the road, brakes screeching.

105. EVANS' CAR TOP OF HILL

Driver sees Cody's car, reacts, puts car in gear, speeds down toward auto-court.

106. EXT. FRONT OF MOTOR COURT

Cody's car, making turn onto road, veers crazily for an instant, is righted, speeds off.

107. EVANS' CAR

As it speeds down road from opposite direction.

108. EXT. MOTOR COURT

As Evans' car draws level with court, slowing down, a group is seen emerging from rear of auto court, among them the injured Evans, supported by two auto-court patrons. Evans gestures to driver to follow escaping car. The SIREN is HEARD as Evans' car takes off in pursuit.

WIPE TO:

109. EXT. STREET CODY'S CAR

as it speeds down street toward corner.

109-a. INT. CODY'S CAR CODY, MA, VERNA (PROCESS)

Cody, face grim, looks in rear-vision mirror, sees nothing, steps down on accelerator.

109-b. EXT. STREET CODY'S CAR

as it makes swerving turn around corner.

109-c. EXT. STREET AGENT'S CAR

As it makes turn into street, comes racing down in direction Cody's car has taken. SIREN is HEARD.

109-d. FLASH SHOT TRENT IN CAR (PROCESS)

As he steps down on accelerator. SIREN HEARD OVER SHOT.

109-e. CODY'S CAR

racing down street. SIREN HEARD FAINTLY in b.g.

109-f. INT. CODY'S CAR CODY, MA, VERNA (PROCESS)

Cody and others react to sound of siren. Cody's eyes narrow. He looks ahead, gets his idea; - a faint humorless smile touches his mouth. He starts to swing wheel.

110. EXT. STREET

Cody swings car sharply, turns onto the incline of a ramp. As car disappears up ramp, PAN UP to glittering sign of "Drive-In Theatre".

111. EXT. STREET SHOOTING TOWARD CORNER

SIREN screaming, the Federal car wheels around corner, speeds down the street.

112. MED. FULL DRIVE-IN THEATRE PAY-BOOTH NIGHT

Cody gives the cashier the admission money.

CASHIER:
(as siren screams)
Happens every night. Ruins the movie.

Cody douses car lights, drives through the entrance,

DISSOLVE TO:

113. INSIDE DRIVE-IN THEATRE NIGHT

A WB picture ("TASK FORCE") is on the screen as Cody's car swings into position behind the massed cars. An attendant hands in the usual small loud-speaker, which is suspended in car over a side window.

114. INT. CODY'S CAR

They sit tensely, rigidly. A vendor puts his head in the window on Ma's side.

VENDOR:
Popcorn? Candy?

MA JARRETT:
Beat it!

Blinking, the vendor retreats. Cody turns down the volume control so that the SOUND from screen is barely audible. The SIREN gradually RECEDES.

VERNA:
This is great - but where do we go after the second feature?

CODY:
I'm the only one goin' any place.

MA JARRETT:
Where, Cody?

CODY:
To give myself up.

(CONTINUED)

MA JARRETT:
What are you talkin' about? You haven't a chance. Four dead - it'll be the gas chamber for sure.

CODY:
You don't think I'm dumb enough to turn myself over to the T-men, do ya?

VERNA:
What's the difference? The minute ya walk into the cops they turn you over.

CODY:
Ya remember Scratch Morton?

VERNA:
(as Ma thinks)
Little fella on the lam from Illinois? You and him had a talk one night.

CODY:
That's the one.

MA JARRETT:
I remember, Cody. Knocked over a hotel payroll in Springfield.

CODY:
Same night we were at the tunnel. Handy, huh?

MA JARRETT:
Talk plain, son. What's that got to do with it?

CODY:
I pulled that Springfield heist - not Scratch Morton. I'm goin' to Illinois and take a State rap. Most I'll get is two years.

VERNA:
And when ya get out they're still waitin' for ya for the tunnel job.

CODY:
What tunnel job? Why, the day those hoodlums were killin' innocent people on a train, I was pushin' in a hotel in Springfield. I couldn't be in both places at once - could I? Little plan I cooked up - before we pulled the tunnel job.

MA JARRETT:
Cody, you're the smartest there is.

(CONTINUED)

VERNA:
Sure it's smart. But what about me? What am I supposed to do for two years?

MA JARRETT:
The same as before he married you!

CODY:
Better not, honey. I'll be back.

VERNA:
(takes the hint)
I'll be waitin' for ya, Cody. You can trust me.
(kisses him)

CODY:
If the T-men pick you up, you don't know anything. Haven't seen me for months. You do all the talkin', Ma.

MA JARRETT:
I can handle 'em.

CODY:
Verna - you cry a little - like you're sad.
(Verna nods)

MA JARRETT:
How're you gonna make it to Illinois?

CODY:
Private plane. Don't worry. I'll get there.
(gets out of car)
Goodbye, Ma. Be a break to get rid of me for a while, huh?

MA JARRETT:
If you ever need me, I'll be around.

Cody grins, winks at her. He closes car door, surveys the area carefully, hitches his trousers, starts off.

DISSOLVE TO:

115. INT. EVANS' OFFICE FULL SHOT DAY

Evans, arm in a sling, interrogates Ma Jarrett and Verna. With stoic heroism, Verna restrains her tears, sniffing into a lace handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)
In this scene, Ma is never at a loss, gives out with her best Sunday manner. Present are the two Federal agents who brought them in - JIM DONOVAN and TED CLARK.

MA JARRETT:
...I tell you I only wanted to cheer up Verna. She's been blue all these weeks - missing Cody so much. So I went to the market to buy things for a real spread. Thought it might make her feel better. That right, Verna?
(Verna nods)

EVANS:
Yet as soon as you returned to the auto court you left again. Why?

MA JARRETT:
We decided to go to a movie instead.

EVANS:
What theatre?

MA JARRETT:
The Sun-Val Drive-In.

EVANS:
What picture?

MA JARRETT:
Task Force. Exciting. Verna liked it a lot.

EVANS:
Cody like it?

MA JARRETT:
How could he - I told you, Cody hasn't been in California for months.

EVANS:
I suppose he shot me all the way from another state?

MA JARRETT:
What makes you think it was Cody shot you? Lots of people have guns.

EVANS:
I was as close to him as I am to you.

MA JARRETT:
Anybody else see him?

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.1)

EVANS:
Just you and his wife.

MA JARRETT:
Oh. 'Course, being an old woman I don't know much about the law. But I hear you gotta have witnesses to make anything stand up in court. You see Cody last night, Verna?
(Verna shakes her head)
Makes you the only one, Mr. Evans, doesn't it?

EVANS:
(wryly)
It seems to. And if Cody's been out of California for months, I suppose he couldn't possibly have engineered that train robbery six weeks ago.

MA JARRETT:
Train robbery! Mr. Evans, I don't have to sit and listen to you accuse my boy without any proof! Besides, I know my rights. You can't keep us here. You've got nothing on us.

EVANS:
All right, Mrs. Jarrett. That'll be all for now.

MA JARRETT:
That's better. Come on, Verna. Stop crying. Nobody's going to hurt you.

As they exit, Ma Jarrett gives Evans a triumphant look. When the two women are gone, the men exchange wry glances.

DISSOLVE TO:

115a. INSERT: FRONT PAGE "SPRINGFIELD HERALD-NEWS"

Big headlines, accompanied by photo of Cody, proclaim:

CODY JARRETT SURRENDERS

Confesses Robbery
Of Palace Hotel

DISSOLVE TO:

115b. INT. EVANS' OFFICE MED. CLOSE ON EVANS

He is bending over the teletype as it taps out a message, then moves back to his desk, grimly delighted by what he has read. The inter-com buzzes. Evans flips key open.

MISS BENSON'S VOICE:
Mr. Fallon just arrived from the airport.

EVANS:
Send him right in.

He comes around desk as door opens and HANK FALLON enters. He is clean-cut, lithe, good-humored. They shake hands.

FALLON:
Hello, Phil.

EVANS:
Good to see you again, Hank. You're looking great.

FALLON:
It's that prison diet. Great chef in San Quentin. Best assignment I ever had. I hated to leave.

EVANS:
(grins)
I can imagine. Anyway, you did a whale of a job.

FALLON:
Most talkative little con I ever shared a cell with. And the last, I hope.
(eagerly - as Evans doesn't react)
How about it, Phil? Look at me. College degree - loveable personality - and I spend most of my time in prison - an under-cover specialist. Eight sentences in five years! I joined the Treasury Department to put criminals behind bars - and here I am, stir crazy!

EVANS:
(inwardly amused)
Read this.

He rips message from teletype, hands it to Fallon.

116. INSERT: TELETYPE MESSAGE IN FALLON'S HANDS

FROM: LEWIS SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
TO: EVANS LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

POLICE REPORT CODY JARRETT
CONFESSION CHECKS STOP WILL BE
SENTENCED ON TWENTY-EIGHTH STOP.

117. BACK TO SCENE:

Fallon, wide-eyed, explodes angrily. Evans watches him, grinning.

FALLON:
Who checks confessions in Springfield? Every rookie in the country knows Scratch Morton went underground after that hotel job! You're not going to let Jarrett get away with a two-bit prison stretch?

EVANS:
(blandly)
Maybe.

FALLON:
Maybe! A hoodlum turns himself in on a phony rap and beats the gas chamber. I bet right now he's thumbing his nose at Uncle Sam and loving it. Jarrett outsmarted you!

EVANS:
(softly)
That's just what we want him to think.
(Fallon gapes)
We're working with the Springfield police. We arranged for the confession to check. So what happens? Jarrett does a stretch in the penitentiary....

117a. CLOSE SHOT FALLON

as he begins to get the idea.

EVANS' VOICE:
(o.s. - continuing)
And in case he feels lonely - wants to talk to someone - we're going to let one of our own boys do a stretch right in the same cell...

(CONTINUED)

117a.(Cont.)

FALLON:
(groaning)
Oh, no!....not again!

117b. TWO SHOT EVANS AND FALLON

EVANS:
(grinning)
You'll enjoy the food in this prison. Wonderful chef. Arrested him myself.

FALLON:
(desperately)
Look, Phil -- help!

EVANS:
(sympathetically)
I wouldn't ask you to do another undercover job if we weren't up against it. But we've got to get Jarrett and his gang - and to do that we've got to find out where they unloaded three hundred thousand dollars of Federal currency without having a single bill show up in the usual places. That means you have to learn the identity of some very special fence.

FALLON:
Any idea how he operates?

EVANS:
I think the answer's Europe. Beautiful setup. Buy stolen money here at thirty-forty cents on the dollar, smuggle it out and peddle it on the European black market for - who knows how much. And no questions asked.

FALLON:
Sweet racket. In step with the times.

EVANS:
That's your assignment, Hank. Stick with Cody Jarrett until you find out who the fence is.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.1)

Trent enters, carrying a large parcel. He grins at Fallon.

TRENT:
Your new buddies. Prison records from Illinois.

FALLON:
Busy little place, isn't it?

TRENT:
Twenty-seven hundred of the roughest and toughest.

FALLON:
And I was all set for a quiet fishing trip up in the mountains.

EVANS:
You're going fishing.
(unwrapping records)
Through these.

DISSOLVE TO:

118. INT. EVANS' OFFICE CLOSE SHOT NIGHT

SHOOTING OVER Fallon's shoulder. He sits at Evans' desk, methodically scrutinizing the records of the inmates which are piled in stacks on desk. Each record contains a photo and a case history. Fallon discovers a record that holds his attention.

EVANS' VOICE:
Find another old client?

119. EVANS AND FALLON

Both men are in shirtsleeves. They have been at it for hours. Evans is preparing some coffee. Fallon hands him a record.

FALLON:
Red Draper. Questioned him in '46 about a warehouse job.

EVANS:
That makes two for transfer.
(places record to one side)
Better run through the arrest once more.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

FALLON:
(examining records)
I'll be picked up in a joint known as Tom's Hideaway...

EVANS:
Bill's Hideaway.

FALLON:
...Bill's Hideaway - on what looks like a regular vag roundup. One of the boys spots me as a lammister. I make a break for it. When I pick myself up off the floor I'm meek as a baby.
(puts stack aside)
Nothing more here.
(picks up another pile)
How do I get information out to you?

EVANS:
Visiting days.

FALLON:
Mother again?

EVANS:
Wife this time.

FALLON:
Wife? Fine. Only one thing, Phil... this time get someone with a memory. I had awful trouble with mother in San Quentin.

EVANS:
We'll get a girl in the Bureau who's a memory expert.

FALLON:
I'm partial to blondes.

EVANS:
Who isn't? Soon as I pick her I'll send you a picture.

Fallon comes across another picture that he recognizes.

FALLON:
Oh - oh! We move this guy.

EVANS:
Who is he?

120. INSERT: CLOSE SHOT PRISON RECORD OF BO CREEL

In upper left hand corner is a picture of Bo Creel - thin-lipped, lean-faced. HOLD ON this INSERT longer than usual, since we are to meet Bo Creel again.

FALLON'S VOICE:
Bo Creel. Arrested him two years ago.

NOTE: Sc. 120 ALREADY SHOT

121. BACK TO SCENE:

NOTE:

ALREADY SHOT TO BE SHOT

EVANS:
(examining Bo's record)
Wait a minute. We don't have to worry about him. Finishes his stretch Saturday. He'll be out before you're sentenced.

FALLON:
Good. Bo Creel would know me in the dark.

Evans puts Bo Creel's record back on the general pile in front of Fallon, who leans back and stretches wearily. Evans pours coffee.

EVANS:
You'd better know what you're walking into, Hank. This job won't be like any of your others. You see, there's insanity in the Jarretts and some of it rubbed off on Cody. His father died in an institution.

FALLON:
I've had a few strange cell-mates, in my time, but this looks like the jack-pot.

EVANS:
When he was a kid, he used to fake headaches to get his mother's attention away from the rest of the family. It worked. But as he grew up, the fancied headaches became real, until now they tear him apart. Any minute he's likely to crack open at the seams - and there goes our case. So you'll be working against time.

FALLON:
Suits me. Quicker the better.

EVANS:
Except that Jarrett's not the kind of guy you can get close to in a hurry. The only person he's ever trusted or cared about is his mother. No one else has ever made a dent - not even his wife. His mother's the prop that's always held him up. He's got a fierce, psychopathic devotion for her. All his life, whenever he's been in a spot he's only had to put out his hand...and there was Ma Jarrett. Without her, maybe Cody --

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

ALREADY

SHOT

EVANS: (Cont.)
(snaps his fingers)
...Just like his old man.

FALLON:
You mean I'm supposed to take momma's place?

EVANS:
You can never tell. He may need someone.

FALLON:
I'll practise up on my lullabies.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

EVANS:
Good. Now let's run through your background again.

FALLON:
(tapping pencil)
Born Detroit, March 23, 1919. State reform school - 1934 - vandalism. Arrested suspicion grand larceny, Portland, 1939...

Through this, CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSE of pencil tapping.

DISSOLVE THRU TO.

122. INT. SUPERIOR COURT CLOSE ON GAVEL

In JUDGE'S hand as it raps for order. PULL BACK to reveal CLERK who has risen from his desk. This is the day when previously-convicted prisoners are sentenced.

CLERK:
The State of Illinois versus Arthur Cody Jarrett.

123. CLOSE ON CODY

Relaxed, confident, Cody rises and steps in front of the Judge's bench.

JUDGE:
Arthur Cody Jarrett...on your own admission you have been convicted of the robbery of the Palace Hotel on the night of October twelfth, and it is now my duty to pronounce sentence. For the crime of grand larceny you are hereby sentenced to serve not less than one and not more than three years in the State Penitentiary.

A bailiff starts to lead him away.

CLERK:
The State of Illinois versus Victor Pardo.

HANK FALLON rises. He is VIC PARDO, and will be so designated for the remainder of the script.

VIC:
(passing Cody)
How is he? Tough?

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

Cody brushes by him without answering.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

124. EXT. PENITENTIARY (STOCK SHOT) DAY

DISSOLVE THRU TO

125. EXT. PRISON COURTYARD DAY

crowded with prisoners. It is the mid-day "break".

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

126. EXT. PRISON COURTYARD MED. GROUP OF PRISONERS

around ROY PARKER, a thin-lipped con, about forty.

PARKER:
With Big Ed givin' the orders now there'll be all kinds of fireworks. He's got plans will make the old Jarrett mob look like schoolkids. Ed's got polish.

127. MED. GROUP CODY, READER, RYLEY, VIC

About fifteen feet from above group. TOMMY RYLEY, a trusty, is playing cards with Cody, with cigarettes as stakes. Vic leans against the wall, watching them. THE READER, an old lifer who has mastered lip-reading, wears a hearing aid.

CODY:
Can you read him?

READER:
Yeah. Parker moves his lips pretty good. It's about Big Ed.

CODY:
What about him?

READER:
He's number one boy now, Parker says.

CODY:
Big Ed always did have big ideas.

READER:
In more ways than one, Parker says.

Cody's hand pauses in the act of pocketing cigarettes which he has won.

128. PARKER'S GROUP (CODY'S ANGLE)

Parker says something. His audience laughs obscenely.

129. CODY'S ANGLE

CODY:
What was that crack?

READER:
(lying)
I - I couldn't see him, Cody.

CODY:
Was it about my wife?

READER:
Honest, Cody...he had his mouth covered.

CODY:
(rising)
Maybe a kick in the skull will teach him some manners.

VIC:
They got rules in this chicken coop, Cody. Start anything and ya wind up in the hole.

CODY:
Who asked you for advice?
(Vic shrugs)
Listen, Pardo - I been watchin' ya. So far ya ain't done nothin' I can put my finger on - but maybe that's what bothers me. I don't know ya - and what I don't know I don't trust. To me ya're just a number and a face and for now keep it that way. When I need your help I'll ask for it.

VIC:
(conciliatory)
Have it your way, Cody.

Suddenly a commanding VOICE IS HEARD coming through the courtyard loudspeaker.

VOICE:
Attention! Attention!

130. LOUDSPEAKER HORN

set on the courtyard wall. From it emerges:

VOICE:
The following new men report to the dispensary for shots. Abbott, Jules; Bacon, James; Butler, Fred...

DISSOLVE TO:

131. INT. PRISON HOSPITAL WARD CLOSE SHOT CONVICT

wincing as a needle is jabbed into his arm. OVER SHOT:

RYLEY'S VOICE:
Hall, Robert!

DRAW BACK TO:

132. FULL SHOT (SHOOTING PAST DOCTOR)

Lined up alphabetically, jackets over their left arms, the convicts single-file past PRISON DOCTOR who administers the shots. To the Doctor's left, backs to CAMERA, are two convict trusties. The first is Tommy Ryley, who calls off the names and checks them off, upon which the designated convict takes two more paces which bring him before the second trusty, who stands by a small table and dabs alcohol on the arms where the needle will be inserted by the Doctor. The names are called by Ryley through this scene: "Holden, John; Hughes, Russell; Hide, Frank; Jackson, William; Jacoby, George;" etc. Two guards supervise the formation, maintaining silence and hustling the laggards.

A GUARD:
Keep it moving! No talking!

133. MED. SHOT CODY IN LINE

He shuffles forward obediently. MOVE DOWN LINE to PICK UP Vic Pardo, shuffling forward like the others. Behind him in line is Roy Parker. Vic looks ahead over the shoulder of the man in front of him, sees something that makes him catch his breath.

TRUSTY'S VOICE:
Hughes, Russell!

134. CLOSE SHOT RUSSELL HUGHES

As his name is called and checked off by Ryley, Hughes steps up INTO CAMERA proffering his right arm for the dab of alcohol. As the second trusty's hand COMES INTO SHOT to perform the task, Hughes stares, surprised. (NOTE: Talking is forbidden; these scenes played in whispers.)

HUGHES:
If it ain't Bo Creel...

PAN to CLOSE ON second trusty. He is Bo Creel.

HUGHES' VOICE:
(continuing)
... The boys in L.A. had a comin' out party planned for ya a month ago.

BO CREEL:
(dabbing Hughes' arm)
Yeah. I was packin' and - bang! - flat on my back with pneumonia. Doc's checkin' me out today.

HUGHES' VOICE:
Well, see ya in eight years.

135. MED. CLOSE VIC PARDO AND ROY PARKER

Vic has involuntarily stopped his slow forward motion. Parker is crowding him.

PARKER:
Get the lead out.

Vic inhales deeply, shuffles forward in line.

136. FULL SHOT (SHOOTING PAST CREEL ALONG CONVICT LINE)

Cody is now second in line. A little farther back is Vic Pardo, helplessly shuffling toward the moment when he may be unmasked.

RYLEY:
Jarrett, Arthur Cody.

Cody takes two steps up to Bo Creel.

137. CODY AND BO CREEL

BO CREEL:
I'm leavin' tomorrow, Cody. Anything I can do for ya on the Coast?

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

CODY:
When ya see Big Ed, tell him I was askin' for him.

Bo nods. Cody moves toward doctor.

RYLEY'S VOICE:
Matthews, Daniel!

138. MED. CLOSE VIC PARDO AND ROY PARKER

with Bo Creel IN SHOT, only separated from Vic now by three cons in the line. Vic, desperate, looks away - as though trying to delay the moment of inevitable recognition. Again he lags. Roy Parker pushes him roughly.

PARKER:
Scared, sonny?

It is Vic's cue. Suddenly he whirls on Parker, punching him savagly on the mouth, then closing with him and dragging him to the ground, where they pound each other.

139. THREE FLASHES

Cody, in the act of putting on his jacket, pauses to watch the brawl; Bo Creel, standing on tip-toe, craning to see; Guard, running forward.

140. MED. VIC AND PARKER

scrapping on the floor. Vic has acquired a bleeding nose. The Guard rushes INTO SHOT, tugs at Vic.

PARKER:
I didn't do nothin'! He's nuts!

GUARD:
(jerks Vic to his feet)
A little solitary'll cool you off, slugger.

DISSOLVE TO:

141. INT. CELL BLOCK MED. SHOT GUARD

distributing mail, which has been opened for censorship. He pauses at a four-bunk second-tier cell occupied by Cody, Reader, and Tommy Ryley. Cody lies on a bunk, disinterested. Reader and Ryley eagerly take their letters as they are passed through bars.

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

GUARD:
Ryley - Curtin ...
(a big envelope)
Pardo.

RYLEY:
(grand manner)
I'm awfully sorry, my good man, but Mr. Pardo's still on vacation.

GUARD:
His month's up today.

142. INT. CELL MED. FULL SHOT

CODY:
It is, huh? That's cozy.

As Guard goes OUT OF SHOT, The Reader puts Vic's envelope beside him on bunk, reads his own letter.

RYLEY:
Lookit what they left of this one. Musta been a lulu before the warden got it.

He holds up a drastically scissor-censored letter.

CODY:
Say, Reader - any chance ya get read Pardo, will ya?

READER:
Maybe visitin' day. That's when they unbend.

RYLEY:
What ya got against him, Cody? Pardo's okay. Didn't I check his record up in the dispensary?

CODY:
That's just a record. What else do we know about him? Maybe his letter will tell us somethin'. Let's have it, Reader.

READER:
(doubtfully)
Ya think ya should? It's U.S. mail.

CODY:
I'm a U.S. citizen, ain't I?

RYLEY:
Not lately.

With some misgivings the Reader passes Cody the envelope. Cody extracts a photograph.

143. INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH IN CODY'S HANDS

It is a portrait of Margaret Baxter, inscribed: "Your loving wife - Betty".

144. MED. SHOT

Cody passes the picture and envelope to the Reader.

READER:
Wife, huh? The kid don't talk much.

RYLEY:
When ya married ya don't have a chance to.
(looks at picture)
Nice!

CODY:
Put her up on the bureau where we can all get a look at her.

READER:
(troubled)
He'll know we been in his mail.

CODY:
So he'll know.

RYLEY:
(sentimentally)
Be a nice surprise after solitary.

Ryley puts the portrait on the bureau.

145. INT. CELL BLOCK (SHOOTING TOWARD CELL FLOOR)

CAMERA RISES with Vic Pardo and a Guard as they mount circular stairway to second tier, and then MOVES with them along to the cell, where Guard opens door.

146. INT. CELL

as Vic enters and the Guard goes OUT OF SHOT.

RYLEY:
Hi, kid.

READER:
Let me shake the hand that slugged Roy Parker.

(CONTINUED)

146 (Cont.)

CODY:
Why'd ya do it, Pardo? They got rules in this chicken coop, remember?

VIC:
Maybe I didn't wanta get my shots.

Vic senses something strange in the way they grin at him and at each other, but can't put his finger on it. As he looks from one to the other, his glance passes photo, but it means nothing.

CODY:
Maybe his eyes ain't so good, after solitary.

VIC:
What's the gag?

He is now acutely aware of the others' exchange of looks. He senses the danger of the unknown. Then his eyes see something in the corner of the bunk.

147. CLOSE ON ENVELOPE

It is addressed "Mr. Vic Pardo, State Penitentiary, Ill." (In top left corner stamped in block letters are the words: "PHOTO - DO NOT BEND".)

148. MED. SHOT

Vic gives no indication that he has caught on from the envelope. But he suddenly strides to the bureau, with an exclamation of surprise, grabs photo.

VIC:
Hey! What's she done to herself? The best-looking blonde you ever saw - and the second my back's turned she goes brunette! Why it don't even look like her anymore!

The others are amused at Vic's consternation, but accept it.

READER:
Maybe she's hot.

RYLEY:
Yeah. Whenever I changed my hair so did my missus.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

VIC:
She better be a blonde again
when I get outa here.

He puts photo back on bureau, clambers up to his berth.

149. CLOSEUP VIC

stretching out, breathing an inaudible sigh of relief.

CODY'S VOICE:
Say, Pardo....

150. CODY AND THE READER (SHOOTING UP TOWARD VIC'S BUNK)

A humorless grin on Cody's lips.

CODY:
...Too bad your sluggin' Parker
didn't work.

Vic, on thin ice again, rolls OVER INTO SHOT, to look down at others. He grunts inquiringly.

151. GROUP

Vic sees the exchange of grins again, tenses.

RYLEY:
(up to Vic)
The doc says you gotta take
your shots anyway.

Cody chuckles. He enjoys the joke enormously.

152. CLOSEUP VIC

He chuckles, too, but more wryly than they.

153. FULL SHOT

A RAPPING is HEARD, caused by someone signalling from the next cell. This is a cue for the Reader, who goes to front corner of cell and holds a small mirror outside bars so that he may see the lips of a CONVICT in adjoining cell.

154. CLOSE READER AND CONVICT

READER:
Yeah, Benny?

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)
The convict talks soundlessly, moves his lips in exaggerated fashion to facilitate Reader's job.

155. CLOSEUP MIRROR (IN READER'S HAND)

In the mirror the convict's lips are seen moving.

156. FULL SHOT

The message delivered, Reader waves thanks, turns back.

READER:
Parker's been shootin' off his mouth again. Told Benny your boys pulled a caper.

CODY:
What'd they get?

READER:
Fifty-seven grand.

CODY:
Not bad.

RYLEY:
You in for any of it, Cody?

CODY:
Full share.

VIC:
(leaning over)
No kiddin'?

RYLEY:
Why not? What's bein' in here got to do with it? They're still his boys, ain't they? What they get, Cody gets.

CODY:
Ma sees to that.

DISSOLVE TO:

157. INT. HOUSE HIGH ANGLE GROUP SHOT NIGHT

Around a table are grouped Big Ed, Cotton, Happy, Het, and Ma Jarrett, upon whom their attention is centered. On table before her are five neat stacks of bills, all the same size. Verna watches closely from couch.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

MA JARRETT:
...The Trader does business right. It didn't make any difference I was a woman. The Trader's a gentleman. Gave me the same price as if he was doin' business with Cody himself.

Through this she has distributed four of the stacks, one to each man, leaving one stack remaining on the table. The men hold their money and their eyes stare as one at the remaining stack. Ma sees this, her mouth tightens.

MA JARRETT:
Anything wrong?

COTTON:
Who's that for?

MA JARRETT:
Cody! Who'd you think?

HET:
Pretty healthy cut. While we were riskin' our necks to heist this dough, Cody was sittin' it out.

MA JARRETT:
(contemptuously)
Greedy, ain't you? So that's all you think he was doin'! Why, when Cody took that rap he cleared all of you for the tunnel job. He didn't ask no one else to do it, did he? That's how Cody is. He wanted to keep the mob goin'. And you say he's just sittin' it out.

HET:
(uncomfortably)
I was only askin'.

MA JARRETT:
(hard)
All of you - get one thing straight - anything we get, Cody's in for his full share. And that's how it is. Anybody thinks different - just say so now. Or would you rather wait till Cody gets out? Well, any argument?

158. PANNING SHOT GROUP OF MEN

They are silent as CAMERA PICKS UP each of them in turn.

MA'S VOICE:
Het...? Cotton?...Happy?... Ed?...

(CONTINUED)

159. GROUP (VERNA IN B.G.)

Ma looks at Big Ed with ill-concealed contempt.

MA:
How come, Ed? You're the one
I expected to give trouble.

BIG ED:
(with a shrug)
Fair's fair. We ain't gonna forget
Cody after all he did for us.

MA:
Cody'll be real grateful to you.

Verna, looking sullen, rises, snaps an angry glance at Big Ed and starts out.

MA:
Where do you think you're goin'?

VERNA:
To see if the sky's still there.
I'm worried about it.

Ma glares after her as she exits; the men watching her hips with no little interest.

MA:
(picks up Cody's stack)
All right, boys, beat it. It's
gettin' late. Het, tell Verna
I want her back in here.

Het nods as the men start out.

160. EXT. PORCH NEAR STEPS NIGHT

as men come out, Verna is seen leaning sulkily against porch railing, smoking a cigarette. Big Ed lingers so that he is behind the others.

HET:
Ma wants ya inside.
(goes OUT OF SHOT)

VERNA:
She's afraid maybe I'll get some
fresh air in my lungs.

The others have exited SHOT. Now Big Ed comes up to Verna. They talk in low voices.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

BIG ED:
What's eatin' ya, sugar?

VERNA:
You and your big ideas! That's all they are - ideas! "You and me belong, together, sugar. Just leave it to Big Ed." Well. I'm sick of waitin' for ya to make your move! You're as scared of Cody as any of them. He's still Mr. Big - in prison or out.

BIG ED:
What makes ya think so?

VERNA:
"Fair's fair," is it? That was quite a beef you put up about Cody bein' in on the cut.

BIG ED:
A man thinks his pals are takin' care of him - he gets careless.

VERNA:
What's that mean?

BIG ED:
(slowly)
Alive, Cody gets out in maybe two years. Dead, he gets out sooner.

VERNA:
Dead...

BIG ED:
He's a sittin' duck up there in the pen. Right now he's rubbin' shoulders with a guy who does anything I say.

VERNA:
(after a pause - low)
When, Ed?

BIG ED:
When I tell him.

Grips her arm in a gesture of reassurance and ardor. She looks up at him. He starts off. PAN OVER to window and DOLLY IN SWIFTLY to show Ma Jarrett peering out at them through a chink in the blinds.

DISSOLVE TO:

161. INT. PENITENTIARY MACHINE SHOP DAY

Lathes, stamps, presses, drills, boring machines, etc. The whirr of machinery, the din of metal against metal. From a raised platform a Guard supervises. Another Guard makes the rounds on the floor.

162. FULL SHOT CODY

His job is to collect the small trash bins containing metal shavings, etc., from lathes and benches, load them on to a low wagon, and eventually empty them into a larger trash bin. He now moves from one worker to another, loading the wagon with small bins.

163. MED. SHOT VIC PARDO

repairing a transformer at a work-bench. A FOREMAN enters SHOT carrying a portable radio.

FOREMAN:
You know so much about radios, maybe you can fix the Warden's.

VIC:
I'll fix it so it blows up in his face.

Foreman grins, goes. Vic removes back of radio. He sees something o.s., turns. PAN to:

164. MED. SHOT ROY PARKER

He comes up to a big metal trash bin, the main receptacle, about six feet from Vic's bench. Parker, thinking himself unobserved, moves the bin a foot to one side, looks up above him, then, with a grim look of satisfaction, goes OUT of SHOT.

165. MED. SHOT VIC PARDO

Puzzled by Parker's action, he glances upward.

166. WHAT VIC SEES

A monorail used for transporting heavy weights and equipment is directly above the bin.

167. MED. SHOT VIC

Frowning, he returns to work on radio.

168. MED. SHOT PARKER

coming to the other end of the monorail, from which a claw pulley hangs, controlled by a winch which Parker operates. He hooks the claws to a heavy transformer weighing several hundred pounds, looks off.

169. CODY (PARKER'S ANGLE)

He lifts another small trash bin onto the wagon. This completes the load, and now Cody begins to drag the wagon to the big trash bin near Vic.

170. MED. SHOT PARKER

as he operates the winch. The transformer is slowly lifted as high as it will go, then responding to Parker's control begins to creep along monorail in direction taken by Cody.

171. DOLLY SHOT AHEAD OF CODY (LOW ANGLE)

TO INCLUDE MONORAIL, as he pulls wagon, unaware that the transformer is keeping pace with him above and behind.

172. CLOSE SHOT PARKER

like a man who has drawn a bead on a sitting duck.

173. HIGH ANGLE MOVING SHOT CODY

SHOOTING DOWN PAST traveling transformer. Cody reaches big trash bin, stops, empties first small bin into it.

174. MED. VIC

He finishes examining radio. In need of a tool he climbs on a box and reaches into machinists' type pigeon-

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)
holes. His attention is arrested by something o.s. He looks down at Cody's position o.s. then up at the transformer's position o.s.

175. CLOSE PARKER

He throws the control to release the hooks.

176. CLOSEUP HOOKS HOLDING TRANSFORMER

as they disengage.

177. CLOSE CODY

emptying another small bin. Suddenly Vic hurtles into SHOT, up-ending Cody. As they both tumble to ground OUT OF SHOT, the transformer crashes down.

178. FLASH SHOT

Transformer crashing to floor.

179. MED. CODY AND VIC

Cody has hit his forehead in the fall. Dazed, he pushes Vic, swings his arm as if to strike him. Then he realizes what happened, and his mouth tightens as he stares at bin.

180. CLOSE SHOT BIN

crushed flat beneath the transformer.

181. CLOSE PARKER

sudden fear crossing his face.

182. FULL SHOT

as Guard pushes through convicts who have rushed up.

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

GUARD:
Back to your places! Nobody's hurt.
(calls)
Parker!

Parker enters SHOT, frightened.

PARKER:
(trembling)
Nobody's fault - it was an accident - lever slipped...

GUARD:
You can tell it to the Warden later.
(to group)
Back to your places!
(they drift away)
You all right, Jarrett?

CODY:
Sure. It was gettin' dull around here.

GUARD:
Back to work. You, too, Pardo.
(leaves)

183. VIC AND CODY

VIC:
I saw that just in time.

CODY:
What do ya want - a medal?

VIC:
(shrugging)
You woulda looked like that bin.

CODY:
(looking at him)
You almost walked into it yourself. Why should you care if a guy called Cody Jarrett gets his? Unless ya want something?

VIC:
Okay - keep your medal.

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

CODY:
And you keep to yourself. Get it?

Their eyes hold for a moment, then Vic half-smiles, shrugs and moves away, back to his work-bench.

183A. CLOSE ON CODY

He turns, looks speculatively o.s., then walks slowly toward Parker, CAMERA TRUCKING. It is difficult to tell what Cody is thinking.

183B. MED. PARKER

A sick smile crosses his face. Cody enters SHOT and Parker's hands tremble on the lever he is operating. He speaks quickly, nervously.

PARKER:
I'm - sorry, Cody. Glad you weren't hurt.

CODY:
(his smile friendly yet enigmatic)
Forget it, Parker. Accidents'll happen.

Parker blinks.

184. GUARD ON RAISED PLATFORM NEAR DOOR

He speaks into a microphone, reading from a list.

GUARD:
The following men have visitors.. Reynolds, Allen, Jarrett....

185. CODY (PANNING)

His brows knit. A visitor? Slowly, he starts for door. The two other men are seen approaching door.

DISSOLVE TO:

186. INT. VISITING ROOM SHOOTING UP AT SIGN

nailed above door, reading: "Visitors Are Forbidden To Touch Wire Screen". PAN DOWN to show one of the men from machine shop as he comes through door and is motioned to a seat by a guard. TRUCK WITH convict as he moves to designated seat, revealing normal visiting room setup. Chairs on either side of wire screen. A few convicts already with their visitors. As convict sits, CAMERA CONTINUES PAST him and HOLDS on MA JARRETT, waiting on other side of screen. DOLLY IN to show the degree of anxiety under which she labors. Her hands wash each other compulsively, her lips are dry, there is fear in her eyes. Suddenly her hands are still. She tries desperately to compose herself.

187. MED. CLOSE PANNING ON CODY

as he crosses visiting room toward chair pointed out to him by guard. He sees that Ma is his visitor. The pause in his stride is barely perceptible.

188. CODY AND MA

As Cody comes in, Ma manages a stiff smile.

CODY:
Hello, Ma.

MA:
(sees his forehead)
Cody - you been hurt.

CODY:
It's nothin'. An accident.

MA:
You sure?

CODY:
What kinda question is that? What're ya so nervous about?
(looks at her)
Anything wrong?

MA:
(under strain)
Plenty.

CODY:
For instance?

MA:
(with difficulty)
I knew you'd hear anyhow, Cody. That's why I came. I'm the one to tell you. It's Big Ed and Verna.. They ran out.

189. CLOSE ON CODY

His face goes stony.

MA'S VOICE:
It's my fault, Cody. I let you down. I said I'd take care of things. But I let you down.

190. CODY AND MA

MA:
I saw it comin' only I didn't think he had the guts.

CODY:
(tightly)
Forget it, Ma. It was in the cards for Big Ed to make his try.

MA:
(incredulously)
Don't you care?

CODY:
(hard)
Sure, I care! What's mine's mine! But I ain't gonna get sick about it. I'll catch up to 'em when I get out.

MA:
(relieved)
That's just what I told myself. And I'll help you - like always. You'll be out soon - back on top of the world.

CODY:
With you around, Ma, nothin' can stop me.

MA:
That's right, Cody. Except you've gotta be careful.

CODY:
Careful?

MA:
About Big Ed.

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

CODY:
(chuckles)
If I know Big Ed he's doin' enough worryin' now for both of us.

MA:
Maybe not.

CODY:
Ya think he don't expect I'll come after him?

MA:
That's what I'm gettin' at, Cody. He knows when you get out his life won't be worth a plugged nickel. When a tinhorn thinks he's big enough to take your place, he's gotta feel pretty safe. But now, all of a sudden, he makes his move - just like he's sure you're never gettin' out of here - except in a box.

CODY:
Yeah... I see what ya mean.
(fingers bump on head)

MA:
You said it was an accident.

CODY:
For a minute I thought it was.

MA:
How'd it happen?

CODY:
A pal of Big Ed's dropped somethin'.

MA:
(alarmed)
You see, Cody - I was right! He was figurin' you'd be dead.

CODY:
Relax, Ma. I'm here, ain't I?

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.1)

MA:
If he tried once -- he'll try again.

CODY:
I'll still walk out of this joint. Then I'll take care of Big Ed.

MA:
And let him live that long?
(deadly)
I'll take care of him, Cody.

CODY:
No, Ma! Ya won't have a chance!

MA:
Any time I can't handle his kind, I'll know I'm gettin' old. Nobody does what he did to you and gets away with it.

CODY:
I'm tellin' ya - don't...

MA:
(rising)
I'm goin' after him, Cody... to keep him from havin' you knocked off in here.

CODY:
Don't do it, Ma, ya hear me! Listen...

MA:
Goodbye, Cody.

CODY:
(a choking cry)
Ma!...

But Ma has gone. Cody claws the screen, face contorted. A GUARD comes up, pulls him away from screen.

GUARD:
Against the rules to touch the screen. Come on. Back to work.

Jaws clenched, Cody suffers himself to be led away.

DISSOLVE TO:

191. INT. MACHINE SHOP

Cody enters, face dark, brooding.

192. PARKER

working the controls, sees Cody o.s. He stiffens, his hands tremble involuntarily on the levers.

193. PAN SHOT CODY

over to Parker. Cody affects a very friendly manner.

CODY:
(smiling)
What's botherin' ya, Parker? I'm not gonna do anything now. I'm gonna let ya sweat it out. Stay awake nights. Until I'm ready to pay ya back.

He moves away, grabbing handle of wagon.

194. DOLLY SHOT CODY

thinking. Ma's in danger. Well, Ma can take care of herself. Yeah - but what if she can't?... MA'S VOICE comes OVER, hollow, grotesque, with a rhythmic beat, "I'll take care of him, Cody - I'll take care of him, Cody." He moistens his lips, frightened - shakes his head as though to silence her voice - but it persists. He stops near Vic's worktable. Everything begins to blur. The machinery assumes fantastic shapes, weaving, looming up over him, threatening, closing in. And then the pain begins. The blinding pain that shuts out the world.

195. CLOSEUP CODY

Breathing heavily, fighting back the pain.

196. MED. CLOSE ON VIC

who glances over at Cody, puzzled by what he sees. Cody enters SHOT, staggering against Vic's work-bench. It is a losing fight. His head huddles close to the bench; his hands, rigid, clutch a vise.

197. EXTREME CLOSEUP CODY

His brow is beaded. TIP DOWN a little to show his face in profile - creases at the corner of his eyes as he tightens his muscles against the surging pain. DRAW BACK as Vic bends down quickly INTO SHOT.

CODY:
Cover for me !... cover for me !...

Cody sinks to his knees. Vic pulls him over to work-bench, then looks quickly around.

198. MED. SHOT GUARD (VIC'S ANGLE)

on one of his periodic rounds, coming toward CAMERA.

199. VIC AND CODY

He hisses a warning to Cody.

VIC:
Watch it!

Vic quickly upsets a tool box on floor between them. He starts restoring tools to the box. He slips a wrench into Cody's hand, guides it to the box. Guard's legs enter SHOT. Both convicts - Cody with a supreme effort - are picking up the spilled tools.

VIC:
(looking up)
Fingers are kinda thick today.

200. CLOSE ON GUARD

He accepts the explanation, continues on his round.

201. VIC AND CODY (LOW ANGLE)

Cody, the headache still hammering at him, crouches on the floor like an animal in pain.

CODY:
No doctor... no doctor...

VIC:
It's all right. He's gone.
(leaning over Cody)
Where's the pain?

Cody points. Vic's fingers go to the source of the pain. He rubs - harder - harder - always making certain they are unobserved. As he does so:

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)

VIC:
Come on, Cody - don't let it beat ya! You're top man, aren't ya? Why, I been readin' about ya since I was a kid - always hopin' I could join up with ya. Ya don't want these two-bit muggs to see Cody Jarrett down on his knees, do ya?

During this, under the ministration of the rubbing and Vic's words, the headache has started to go as swiftly as it came. Cody's breathing becomes more regular, though still heavy. He slowly regains self-control. As Vic finishes talking, Cody, resenting any man's interference, pushes him roughly away. But even as he does so a transference is affected within his mind and he stares at Vic, wide-eyed. He shakes his head as if to toss off the final remnants of the headache, allows Vic to help him to his feet. Their eyes hold for a moment. Then slowly Cody extends his hand. Vic's hand comes out to meet it. The handclasp is a declaration of friendship. Vic grins at him, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

202. SKY NIGHT

Moon and stars. DRAW BACK to reveal that CAMERA has been SHOOTING THROUGH barred prison window. Cody is lying awake on his cot.

203. CODY

face grim, as thoughts about Ma race through his mind. Finally, he swings his feet out, rises, goes to window, (CAMERA PANNING), stares out.

204. WIDER ANGLE

as Vic leans out from his top bunk. They talk in whispers.

VIC:
You all right, Cody?

CODY:
(without turning)
Can't sleep, that's all.

VIC:
Headache gone?

CODY:
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

204 (Cont.)

A pause. Vic senses Cody's vulnerability.

VIC:
Well, why can't ya sleep?

CODY:
(turns)
It's Ma. She's walkin' into trouble.

VIC:
Anything I can do?

Cody shakes his head. Then, suddenly deciding to trust Vic, he moves in to him.

CODY:
Yeah, maybe there is. Look, kid. For a while I figured on sittin' out this penny-ante stretch...

205. CLOSE ON CODY

CODY: (Cont.)
...This was gonna be a vacation. Take the heat off me for another job. But sometimes ya make plans and they don't work out. What's gotta be done's gotta be done - fast. Understand?

206. CODY AND VIC

VIC:
(shakes head)
Uh-uh.

CODY:
I got business on the outside.

VIC:
(controls excitement)
A crush-out?

CODY:
(nodding)
Wanta come along?

VIC:
Maybe I do. Ya told anybody else?

CODY:
No, but I figured we cut in Tommy Ryley.

(CONTINUED)

VIC:
Ya cut in one and before ya know it it's ten. What do ya want Ryley for?

CODY:
He's got a gun stashed.

VIC:
Don't need a gun.

CODY:
They ain't gonna open the doors for us.

Vic looks at Ryley and Reader, apparently to make sure they are sleeping; actually he has to formulate a crude plan in a matter of seconds. Turns back to Cody.

VIC:
You ain't the only guy in this parlor wants out. What do ya think I been dreamin' of nights? I got a way of gettin' a mile from here before anybody knows what hit 'em.

CODY:
Without artillery? Can't be done.

VIC:
No? I'm pretty handy around electricity, remember? Well, I figured a way to fix the generators. Know what that means?

CODY:
(slowly - admiringly)
Yeah, I got a faint idea.

VIC:
The generators control everything. Searchlights. Gun turrets. Main gate. Who needs artillery? But we gotta do it alone.

CODY:
(accepting this)
We'll need a car.

VIC:
My wife's comin' tomorrow. We'll set it all up.

CODY:
All right, kid. It's a deal.
(they shake hands)
If it works, I'll pay ya back.

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.1)

VIC:
Maybe ya'll give me that medal?

CODY:
(with a grin)
Solid gold.

As Cody gets back into his bunk, Vic can hardly conceal his excitement. He's got Cody just where he wants him.

DISSOLVE TO:

207. INT. VISITING ROOM READER AND LAWYER DAY

The lawyer is a scrawny, sharp-faced man.

LAWYER:
Good news for you, Herbert.

READER:
You've had good news for the last twelve years.

LAWYER:
I'm working on a plan to get your case reviewed.

During this the Reader's eyes follow someone o.s.

208. MOVING SHOT VIC (READER'S ANGLE)

as he goes to vacant chair. Through wire screen can be seen MARGARET BAXTER, his "wife". She is young, self-possessed, brunette.

209. VIC AND MARGARET

In b.g. Reader can be seen, his eyes never leaving them.

VIC:
(normal voice)
Hello, Margaret.

MARGARET:
You're looking well, Vic.

VIC:
(hand to side of mouth - low)
We're being watched. Say anything you like. Make it sound good. And listen to me carefully.

(CONTINUED)

209 (Cont.)

MARGARET:
(after split-second pause)
Divorce! Vic, you can't mean that!
Why? What have I done?

She pauses, her eyes searching if her line of talk is okay.

VIC:
(who keeps his lips
screened throughout)
That's fine... Jarrett's getting out
of here and I'm going with him.

MARGARET:
I know how you feel, Vic. But
don't ask me to do anything that
will break my heart.

VIC:
(turns to be sure the
Reader sees his lips)
It might be better for you.

MARGARET:
But it's my life. Let me decide
what to do with it.

VIC:
(turns back to Margaret)
Just the two of us -- Tell Evans
we'll break Thursday night.

MARGARET:
Do you think I'm the kind to run
out just because you got a bad break?

VIC:
Tell him to plant a getaway car -
with an oscillator. Will you
remember that? An <u>oscillator</u>.

MARGARET:
I'll remember, darling.

210. READER AND LAWYER

LAWYER:
...and this time I'm going right
to the top to get you out...
Herbert, are you listening?

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.)

READER:
(still looking o.s.)
Sure, Jerry, sure.

211. MARGARET AND VIC

VIC:
Everything clear?

MARGARET:
Perfectly clear.

VIC:
Come back next visiting day.

MARGARET:
You won't be sorry, Vic. When you get out, we'll be happy. I'll make you happy.

(CONTINUED)

211 (Cont.)

VIC:
(grinning)
Nice going. Where'd you hear all that - soap opera?

MARGARET:
How did you know?

Guard enters SHOT, taps Vic on shoulder.

GUARD:
Sorry, Pardo. There's a mob waiting.

MARGARET:
(as Vic rises)
Goodbye, darling. Good luck.

VIC:
Goodbye, Betty.

212. READER AND LAWYER

LAWYER:
...But if that fails, you'll just have to serve the rest of your term.

The Guard has entered SHOT, and taps Reader's shoulder.

READER:
(rising)
Jerry, you couldn't get me out of here if I was pardoned.

DISSOLVE TO:

213. INT. EVANS' OFFICE CLOSE MAP ON DESK DAY

Small-scale map of the penitentiary and environs, on which Evans' pencil draws marks to illustrate.

EVANS' VOICE:
Now, we place the getaway car in these trees, with the oscillator under its rear axle and hooked to the battery. Our cars will be parked back here a mile or so away - one here, the other here... We assume Jarrett and Hank come out here somewhere...

214. GROUP EVANS, DONOVAN, CLARK, ERNIE TRENT

On corner of desk stands a short-wave radio receiver. In a corner of the room, Trent hooks up midget electronics instrument. Donovan and Clark flank Evans at desk.

EVANS:
They pile in the getaway car, and they're off. Ready, Ernie?

TRENT:
Ready. Transmitter wavelength forty-seven one.

EVANS:
(adjusts receiver)
Forty-seven one. Switch it on.

Trent obeys. From loudspeaker emerges transmission radio signal - a high, singing SOUND.

EVANS:
Our receivers pick up that signal from the oscillator, enabling us to cross-plot their exact position...

215. INSERT: MAP ON DESK

Evans' pencil draws short lines radiating from getaway car to other cars.

EVANS' VOICE:
(continuing)
For example, the impulse received here has a bearing of 225 degrees; the one here reads twelve degrees. We plot them - like so - and where the lines cross, that's where they are.

216. BACK TO SCENE:

EVANS: (Cont.)
Doesn't matter how far they travel - as long as our cars are within receiving distance we can tell where they are...Cut it, Ernie.

Trent switches off transmitter, ending signal; through following he disconnects instrument and brings it to desk.

CLARK:
How far is receiving distance?

EVANS:
We had a dry run yesterday and kept tabs on a moving car twenty miles away.

(CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.)

DONOVAN:
(points to transmitter)
That little thing?

TRENT:
You could make one out of your bed-side radio. All you do is disconnect -

EVANS:
Sometimes when you've got a week to spare, Ernie'll tell you all about electronics.
(looks at watch)
We'll meet at the airport in forty minutes. Be in Springfield late this afternoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

217. INT. PRISON MESS HALL DAY

Four hundred prisoners file in, in a double line. Each table accommodates twenty-four, twelve on either side. At a whistle the prisoners break off, right flank and left flank, and stand before their places.

218. THE TABLE SIDE ANGLE

Vic and Cody in f.g. face each other across table.

219. VIC

He nods almost imperceptibly, mouths: "Tonight."

220. CODY

Returns the nod.

221. THE TABLE HIGH ANGLE

Another whistle. The men sit, begin to eat. The CLATTER of dishes and utensils. (NOTE: Talking at mealtime is forbidden so the following exchange is played in a whisper.) Cody looks down toward end of table at a new prisoner (LEFELD) who eats greedily. Cody inclines his head slightly to Ryley beside him.

222. CODY AND RYLEY

CODY:
Ain't that Nat Lefeld?

RYLEY:
From the coast mob. Came in today.

CODY:
Ask him if he saw my mother.

Ryley nods, half-turns to the man on his right. His lips move - but his voice is inaudible.

223. MOVING SHOT ALONG ROW OF MEN AT TABLE

as the question is silently passed along, each man turning his head slightly to the man on his right. Finally, CAMERA HOLDS as the question is put to LEFELD, at end of table. He whispers an answer to the man on his left, who, first giving him a long look, turns to pass the message back. CAMERA, almost as if it were the message itself, MOVES BACK ALONG the row of prisoners until Ryley receives it. His jaw drops. Cody looks at him penetratingly.

RYLEY:
(low)
She's dead.

224. CLOSE ON CODY

He sits stunned - rigid under the impact. Every muscle in his body tenses as he tries in vain to reject the tragic news. Then his taut face seems to crumple. His eyes are dilated, mouth open, lips drawn back. Dead! Ma dead! Involuntarily his hand crushes the tin drinking cup he holds. From his throat issues an atavistic scream - primitive, bestial, inhuman. Instantly there is absolute silence - not even the rattle of a fork.

225. THE TABLE HIGH ANGLE FEATURING CODY

Cody, his reason gone, stumbles to his feet, flings the drinking cup across the room, mouthing guttural animal-like sounds. Two Guards have started forward. Cody lurches away from the table, heading toward the entrance. A Guard looms up before him. Cody throws a cruel punch against the Guard's jaw. The man drops, sprawling unconscious on the floor. Cody stumbles erratically forward.

226. TWO GUARDS ON CATWALK (SHOOTING PAST THEM DOWN TO CODY)

One Guard raises his rifle, brings it to aim on Cody staggering toward entrance. Second Guard stays his fire. WHISTLES are HEARD, blowing frantically.

227. FOLLOW SHOT ON CODY

making his erratic way toward door. The prisoners watch in transfixed silence. Two more Guards, moving carefully, close in on Cody. One Guard grasps his arm, which Cody flings off, as the other guard's arms encircle him. They grapple, go down, struggling. In b.g., more Guards pour through the door. On the floor, Cody, with a superhuman effort, frees himself from the Guard's grip, rises again. He sees a phalanx of Guards moving toward him inexorably. He backs slowly toward wall, hands outstretched in a claw-like gesture, ready to strike and tear.

A GUARD:
Come on now, Jarrett. Calm down.
No sense making trouble.

The Guards are closing in from all sides.

228. CLOSE ON CODY

He is helpless, his back against the wall, the rough stone tearing at the thin convict blouse. He presses back as if he would thrust himself through the wall to freedom.

CODY:
Gotta get out... Gotta get out.

229. HIGH ANGLE NEAR WALL

The Guards close in, are only a few feet from Cody. Suddenly all fight is gone out of Cody, leaving a trembling, abject figure. He slips to his knees, sobbing, fists jammed to cheeks.

CODY:
(sobbing)
Gotta get out...gotta get out.

Guards move in, until their backs obscure him.

DISSOLVE TO:

230. INT. PRISON DISPENSARY DAY

The Prison Doctor is at his desk, completing a report. A Guard stands at the door of the barred isolation cell. A KNOCK is HEARD on entrance door, and Guard goes to it, sees it is Ryley waiting outside, admits him. Ryley carries a tray of food.

RYLEY:
For Jarrett.

Guard leads him to isolation cell, unlocks barred door to admit Ryley. Guard closes door behind Ryley, peers in at them.

231. INT. ISOLATION CELL

A bare, bleak room. Cody, in a strait-jacket, lies on a cot staring blankly at ceiling.

RYLEY:
Hi, Cody. Brought you some grub. Hot soup - made special.

CODY:
(babbling)
That you, Vic? Good to see ya, kid. You're okay.

RYLEY:
(uneasily)
It's me, Cody. Tommy Ryley.

CODY:
That's right, Vic. Play it smart. Only way it'll work.

Ryley looks at Guard, shrugs, turns back to Cody, offering him a spoonful of soup.

RYLEY:
Here - get some of this into ya.

232. CLOSEUP CODY

with spoon TIPPED IN SHOT.

CODY:
(almost inaudibly)
Next time bring the gun....

233. CLOSEUP RYLEY

RYLEY:
(startled)
Huh?

234. CODY AND RYLEY

CODY:
(soundlessly)
... Bring the gun ...

Ryley looks around anxiously at Guard, who doesn't seem to have heard. He leans down to Cody again, holding the spoon to his lips.

RYLEY:
(for Guard's benefit)
Sure you won't try some of this delicious soup?
(a whisper)
I'll get it, Cody, if ya take me along.

CODY:
(loudly)
I don't want any of that slop. Try it on the Warden.
(whisper)
It's a deal.

RYLEY:
(normal voice)
If ya don't want it I guess ya don't want it. But ya oughta keep your strength up, fella.

He winks conspiratorially at Cody, and goes to the door.

CODY:
(putting it on)
And if the Warden don't like it try it on the Governor!

RYLEY:
(to Guard)
Guess he ain't hungry.

Guard opens the door and Ryley goes out.

235. INT. PRISON DISPENSARY

As Guard leads Ryley to main door and lets him out, locking it after him, phone rings on Doctor's desk. Doctor puts down pen and answers phone.

(CONTINUED)

235 (Cont.)

DOCTOR:
(into phone)
Doctor speaking... Yes, Warden, I've just finished my report on him... Violent. Homicidal. He'll probably have recurring periods of normal behavior, but I'm sure when the psychiatrists come tonight they'll commit him to an institution for the insane...

DISSOLVE TO:

236. INT. POLICE BASEMENT GARAGE DAY

Three cars are parked together in readiness - a nondescript sedan (getaway car), and two official cars with radar-type antennas mounted on their tops. Trent, Donovan, Clark and three uniformed police are waiting. As Trent looks at his watch, Evans emerges from elevator.

EVANS:
Oscillator all ready, Ernie?

TRENT:
Ready to sing away.

EVANS:
You park the getaway car in the trees. We'll pick you up there and take our positions.

As they pile into the cars the CLOCKER hurries up.

CLOCKER:
Phone, Mr. Evans. Important.

Frowning, Evans gets out of car. The other cars wait.

237. AT CLOCKER'S PHONE

EVANS:
(into phone)
Evans speaking... Oh, hello, Warden.
(listens - reacts)
Yes, it <u>is</u> bad news, but it isn't altogether a surprise...Thanks for your cooperation anyway, Warden... By the way, tomorrow there'll be a pardon coming through for one of your inmates. Vic Pardo. Rush it through, will you?...Thanks.

He comes grimly away from phone.

238. AT CARS

The men can tell from Evans' expression that a change in plan has occurred.

EVANS:
No dice, boys. Party's off. Jarrett's a raving maniac. They've got him in a strait-jacket.

TRENT:
Good thing for Hank it happened inside the prison instead of out.

EVANS:
That's the only good thing about it. Ernie - take the oscillator off the car. I'll get our tickets for ten o'clock plane tonight.
(to a policeman)
Could you have a car at the hotel to take us to the Springfield airport?

POLICE OFFICER:
It'll be there, Mr. Evans.

EVANS:
Sorry, boys. They can't all work out.

DISSOLVE TO:

239. EXT. PENITENTIARY LONG SHOT NIGHT

There is a heavy fog, through which lights of main building can barely be seen.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

240. INT. PRISON DISPENSARY PAN SHOT GUARD NIGHT

as he moves from isolation cell to answer knock on door. He opens it to admit Ryley, carrying tray of food. They start toward isolation cell.

241. INT. ISOLATION CELL

Cody, in strait-jacket, is being examined by two PSYCHIATRISTS with prison Doctor in attendance. The psychiatrists are sympathetic with Cody, who responds cooperatively. One psychiatrist, exactly Cody's physical size, wears the suit that Cody will wear in the later sequences when he kills Big Ed.

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.)

FIRST PSYCHIATRIST:
How would you like a change of scenery, Cody? Some place where we might be able to cure your headaches? You wouldn't mind a little trip, would you?

Ryley appears at barred door with Guard. Cody gives Ryley a quick look.

CODY:
I been thinkin' a trip might do me some good.

RYLEY:
Doctor...
(indicates tray)

DOCTOR:
Not now, Ryley.

CODY:
(quickly)
I want my grub.

DOCTOR:
You've sent away two meals already.

CODY:
That's why I'm hungry now.

SECOND PSYCHIATRIST:
(patronizingly)
A good enough reason, doctor. Hunger is always a hopeful sign.

At a nod from the Doctor, the Guard unlocks the door and comes in with Ryley, who puts the tray down beside Cody and offers him a spoon of soup. Another look between them. Then Cody backs his head away.

CODY:
(harshly)
No one feeds Cody Jarrett. What am I, a kid?

PSYCHIATRIST:
(understandingly)
It's all right to remove the strait-jacket, doctor.

The Doctor hesitates, then looks warningly at the Guard who grips his club. Ryley moves in swiftly behind Cody.

RYLEY:
I'll do it, sir.

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.1)
He busies himself with the rear laces of the strait-jacket. We do not see what he is doing, but he seems to be having difficulty.

RYLEY:
They sure buttoned you up good...

Cody's arms fall limp in the sleeves of the strait-jacket; his hands, of course, concealed. Second Psychiatrist steps forward to pull jacket off from front. He gives a firm yank, and the sleeves unpeel from Cody's arms. It is them seen that Cody's right hand holds a revolver. The others' hands go up.

CODY:
Examination's over.
(indicates guard)
Get his club, Tommy. Keep 'em quiet.
(as Tommy obeys - to Doctor)
Doc, you come with me.

He menaces Doctor out of cell.

242. INT. DISPENSARY MOVING CODY AND DOCTOR

Cody propels the Doctor toward phone on desk.

CODY:
I want ya to make a little phone call for me. And no slip-ups, or you're gonna need a doctor.

DISSOLVE TO:

243. INT. CELL NIGHT

Vic and the Reader are lying down, reading. Guard opens the cell door.

GUARD:
You're taking a little walk, boys. Doc wants you in the dispensary.

He leads the puzzled pair out of the cell.

244. CELL BLOCK

The Guard leads them along to another cell, halts, opens cell door.

(CONTINUED)

244 (Cont.)

GUARD:
Come on, Parker.

PARKER:
Where to?

GUARD:
Dispensary. Special invitation of the doctor.

Parker joins Vic and the Reader. Vic's puzzlement mounts. As the Guard leads them off -

DISSOLVE TO:

245. INT. PRISON DISPENSARY NIGHT

The room is empty, save for Ryley standing near door. Footsteps SOUND outside. Ryley tenses. The Guard appears, preceded by Vic, Parker and the Reader.

GUARD:
Doc asked for these guys.

Ryley admits them. As Guard steps in front of him, Ryley brings club down sharply across back of Guard's head, felling him.

RYLEY:
All right, Cody.

246. AT ISOLATION CELL

We see the prison doctor and guard securely trussed up and gagged. Cody, gun in hand, motions the two psychiatrists out of cell - trembling, hands upraised.

CODY:
You know how jittery I am, boys. Any sudden move and I'm liable to explode.

PAN Cody and Psychiatrists out into dispensary. Vic and Reader stare. Parker trembles.

READER:
What's up, Cody?

CODY:
What's it look like, stupid?

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.)

VIC:
(mind racing)
We haven't a chance this way. We'll never get near the wall.

CODY:
Who said so? Here's our plan.
(indicates captives)

PARKER:
Why me, Cody? What d'ya want with me?

CODY:
I never forget a pal. I'm gonna take ya with me. Reader - get the strait-jacket.

Reader goes into cell.

PARKER:
Ya got it wrong, Cody! I got nothin' against ya! It was Big Ed told me to do it! Just give me a chance!
(sees no pity)
Ya wouldn't kill me in cold blood?

CODY:
Uh-uh. I'll let ya warm up a little.
(to lookout Ryley)
How is it, Tommy?

RYLEY:
Clear as the fingerprint that nailed me.

Vic has been thinking desperately of a means of breaking up the attempt. He can do little. Cody faces him with a gun - Ryley is behind him with a club. The Reader reappears with strait-jacket.

VIC:
This don't look so hot, Cody. My way there wouldn't have been any shooting.

CODY:
There ain't gonna be any my way. We're goin' out in a car - like gentlemen. A picnic.
(to psychiatrists)
Ya said ya wanted me to take a little trip. So we're goin' on a little trip. Only it better be nice and quiet.

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.1)
He motions them out. Ryley opens door to corridor. Parker tries to hang back. Cody turns his gun on him. Parker, shaking, edges out. Cody and Vic follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

247. COURTYARD OUTSIDE PRISON HOSPITAL (FOG) NIGHT

The group approaches a large sedan near hospital entrance. No guards are in sight. The fog swirls around them. When they reach the sedan -

CODY:
(to one psychiatrist)
You're drivin'.
(to other)
You get in back.
(points to strait-jacket)
Reader, slip on that zoot-suit and sit in the back with our friend. Make like you're loony. Vic, on the floor in back.
(turns to Ryley - indicates Parker)
Put him in the trunk.

Parker, trembling, is led by Ryley to the back of the car. Ryley opens the trunk. Parker mumbles in incoherent terror. Ryley bundles him into the trunk, slams it closed, goes around to the side of the car.

248. SIDE ANGLE OF CAR

Ryley gets in the back seat and huddles on the floor with Vic. Cody gets in beside the psychiatrist at wheel and crouches under dashboard.

249. SHOT OF GUARD PATROLLING YARD

He peers into the almost impenetrable fog as he HEARS car doors shut and starts toward the source of the SOUND.

250. INT. CAR

The psychiatrist is fumbling in his pockets.

CODY:
Get goin'. Out the way ya came in.

(CONTINUED)

250 (Cont.)

PSYCHIATRIST:
The keys - I forgot the keys!

For a moment it seems that Cody will kill the man.

PSYCHIATRIST:
You wouldn't let me bring my coat.
They're in my coat.

CODY:
(controls himself)
That won't stop us.

He leans under steering column.

251. DOLLY SHOT GUARD

coming closer, peering ahead, alert.

252. INT. CAR

Cody, hands unseen, jerks the two wires from the switch, hooks them together.

CODY:
Press the starter.

The psychiatrist obeys. The motor turns over, then dies. Again the starter. The motor starts.

253. EXT. CAR

Guard reaches it as it starts moving. He catches a glimpse of the driver as car goes out of SHOT, recognizes him.

GUARD:
Goodnight, sir.

254. REAR GATE OF PENITENTIARY

The car stops at the gate. Another guard appears from watch-house, shines a flashlight on driver's face.

GUARD:
Rough night to be out, doctor.

He opens the gate and the car drives out. Barely has the Guard closed the gate after it than the SIRENS begin to scream from the tower.

DISSOLVE TO:

256. INT. POLICE CAR (PROCESS) NIGHT

Police officer driving, Evans beside him; in back, Donovan, Clark and Trent, with wrapped oscillator on his lap. Treasury men have briefcases, etc. Phone indicator flashes on dashboard. Given the okay by driver, Evans picks it up.

EVANS:
(into phone)
Hello... Speaking... What...!
Right away.
(to driver)
Turn back! Jarrett's busted out!

256. FULL SHOT CAR NIGHT

It makes a screaming U-turn. Siren and red lights are switched instantly.

257. INT. POLICE CAR (PROCESS) NIGHT

Police lieutenant and Donovan in front, Evans and Trent in back, listening to police broadcast. Car speeds, SIREN sounding.

POLICE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
...Black sedan-license 6X430 - probably headed southwest. Hold it. Here are the names of the men who escaped with Jarrett. Thomas Ryley, Roy Parker, Michael Curtin, Vic Pardo... Descriptions later. Attention. Do not shoot unless absolutely necessary. Hostages in car. Do not shoot unless absolutely necessary. Hostages in car.

EVANS:
(grimly)
One break for our boy.

TRENT:
What's Hank's procedure now?

EVANS:
He'll stay with Jarrett till he gets what he's after --

POLICE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
Descriptions follow: Cody Jarrett, 5.9, 160 lbs., brown hair, prison uniform, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

258. INT. FARMHOUSE MED. CLOSE CODY NIGHT

He stands before a mirror, buttoning a trim dark suit, which he has taken from one of the psychiatrists, who will be revealed dressed in Cody's prison suit. DRAW BACK to SHOW a farmhouse living room. The two psychiatrists are seated on two chairs, gagged, back to back; the Reader is tying them fast. The owners of the house, an aged FARMER and his WIFE, are covered against a wall by Ryley. Both Ryley and the Reader have changed into ill-fitting clothes. Cody turns from mirror, picks up his revolver.

CODY:
(adjusting suit -
to psychiatrists)
I like your tailor. How do you like mine?
(to Ryley)
Get some grub, Tommy.

Ryley exits toward kitchen hallway seen in b.g.

CODY:
(calling)
What's takin' ya so long, Vic?

259. INT. HALLWAY CLOSE VIC

VIC:
Tryin' to rustle up some guns.

Vic, who has also changed, is rustling through a closet, pretending to look for guns. He turns, sees phone on wall, heads stealthily for it, edging along wall. He reaches his hand toward phone, just as it starts to RING. He is stymied, perhaps in danger. In the moment of his hesitation:

CODY'S VOICE:
Let it ring!

260. WIDER ANGLE CODY AND VIC

Cody has appeared in hallway. Vic is at phone, but Cody's conclusion is that he was going to answer it. The phone CONTINUES TO RING.

VIC:
Someone might get suspicious.

CODY:
(yanks phone off wall)
So they're at a movie. Come on.
(into living room)
Hey!

They go to the front door, followed by Ryley (with a bag of food) and the Reader.

261. EXT. FARMHOUSE NIGHT

lonely as all farmhouses. As the fugitives come outside Cody takes a chicken leg from the bag of food. A station wagon is parked by the psychiatrist's limousine. Cody raps on limousine trunk.

CODY:
How ya doin', Parker?
(Parker's VOICE HEARD, muffled, unintelligible)
Stuffy, huh?
(fires three times into car's trunk - to others)
Air.

Still munching at his chicken leg, Cody gets into the station wagon with the others and drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

262. EXT. LODGE HOUSE LONG SHOT NIGHT

Black night. Low moaning wind in the trees. One room lighted downstairs. Though house is probably on Lake Arrowhead shore, tonight it might be a million miles from anywhere. It has the eerie look of a house of fear.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

263. INT. LODGE HOUSE LIVING ROOM CLOSE ON RADIO NIGHT

From it emerges:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
...No clue to their movements has been reported since their assault last night on a motorist north of Gallup, New Mexico. It is assumed now by Federal law-enforcement agencies that Jarrett and the other escaped convicts are heading for a hideout in California. This concludes the nightly news summary from KFKL, the Voice of San Bernardino. When you hear the tone the time---

During this CAMERA HAS DRAWN BACK TO SHOW Verna listening nervously by the fireplace. She switches off the radio. The room is big, comfortable. Stairway leads to second floor. Curtains are drawn. When the radio stops Verna reacts, turns, at the sound of a small bell JINGLING.

264. LOW CLOSE ANGLE AT DOOR

TO REVEAL a warning device in the form of a bell attached to wall beside front door, a few inches above floor. A thread attached to bell stretches across the width of door, is fastened to wall on opposite side. Big Ed again swings door inward so that it meets the obstruction of the thread. The bell JINGLES. Satisfied that no one can steal in unheard, Ed closes door.

265. MED. FULL LIVING ROOM

Verna sits motionless in a chair, staring into fire. Big Ed comes to her from door.

BIG ED:
Did you check the shutters?
(no answer)
I said did you --

VERNA:
(turns - tense)
Ed - let's get out of here!

BIG ED:
(checking his guns)
Take it easy, sugar. We're ready for him when he comes.

VERNA:
I can't stand another night, Ed - listenin' - goin' crazy. It isn't like just waitin' for some human being who wants to kill ya. Cody ain't human. Fill him full of lead and he'll still come at ya.

BIG ED:
If he's plugged he falls. Like anybody else.

VERNA:
The boys didn't think so. Why did they beat it down to San Berdoo?

BIG ED:
Because this is between me and Cody. They'll be back when it's settled.

VERNA:
(lifelessly)
You'll be dead.

(CONTINUED)

265 (Cont.)

BIG ED:
(slowly)
Maybe. But the time comes when a man's gotta stop runnin' away and face it out. Or keep runnin' for good.

VERNA:
All right! Throw your life away! Stay here and shoot it out. Me? I'm goin'. I wanta live.
(starts upstairs)

BIG ED:
Cody'll have a few ideas about that.

VERNA:
I'll go some place he'll never find me.

BIG ED:
(softly)
The world ain't big enough, sugar -- not when he knows what you did to his Ma.

VERNA:
(halts - gasps)
You'd tell him?

BIG ED:
If you run out on me - why not?

VERNA:
I only did it for you, Ed. She had you covered.

BIG ED:
Cody still won't like hearing she got it in the back.
(she stares - terrified)
Feel more like staying now?

VERNA:
(beaten)
Yeah.

BIG ED:
So we wait. You and me. Till we know the answer. Tonight - tomorrow - whenever he comes. It'll be me or Cody.

She goes slowly upstairs, barely able to support herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

266. INT. VERNA'S BEDROOM CLOSE ON VERNA NIGHT

Verna lies awake, in terror. The shutters creak. A bird caws. Finally, Verna can stand it no longer. She gets out of bed, begins to slip out of her nightgown.

DISSOLVE TO:

267. INT. ON STAIRWAY CLOSE ON VERNA'S FEET NIGHT

Verna's legs are seen stealthily descending the stairs. Every step is dangerous. When she has reached the bottom, TRUCK WITH HER TO FRONT DOOR. Her hand dips INTO SHOT, carefully holds bell so that it won't ring. The door opens, she edges through it, still holding bell. Only her hand is seen now as, cautiously, it releases the bell. NO SOUND. Her hand disappears. The door closes softly.

268. EXT. HOUSE PAN SHOT VERNA NIGHT

A wind sighs around her as she hurries toward open garage.

269. EXT. GARAGE

The moon makes a tracery of shadows on the ground. Verna, heart racing, COMES INTO SHOT. Suddenly, there is a SOUND as of a footstep. Verna stiffens, a scream ready on her lips. She stares about wildly at the dancing shadows made by the swaying trees, each shadow a potential enemy, each, sudden death. She looks up.

270. ROOF OF GARAGE (VERNA'S ANGLE)

An overhanging branch moves in the wind, brushes against the wooden roof, making the SOUND HEARD before.

271. VERNA (TRUCKING)

relieved, almost sobbing, moves toward car in garage. As she reaches the door CAMERA HALTS ABRUPTLY as she runs into the grasping arms of Cody Jarrett, who steps out of the blackness to intercept her. (NOTE: This CAMERA MOVEMENT should have the effect of a body blow delivered suddenly and without warning.) His hand stifles her scream. Her eyes dilate in terror. Cody is cat with mouse.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.)

CODY:
Not expectin' me, huh? How come, honey? I told ya I'd be back.
(moves hand from her mouth)
Now tell me you're glad to see me - but say it soft so we won't wake up nobody.

VERNA:
(the pitch of her life)
Oh, Cody, I'm so glad to see ya. I been prayin' ya'd come back. I couldn't stand it any longer. I was runnin' away...

CODY:
From Big Ed?

VERNA:
Yeah.

CODY:
(too gently)
Why? Don't ya like him?

VERNA:
No... No...

CODY:
Maybe ya shouldn't've teamed up with him in the first place.

VERNA:
I couldn't help it, Cody! He said if I didn't go with him he'd have ya killed! I couldn't stand that!

CODY:
(grins)
You're good, Verna. The way you can turn it on.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.1)

VERNA:
All I wanted was for ya to come back! That's the truth! I love ya, Cody! I love ya!

CODY:
(fiercely)
Ya let Ma die!

VERNA:
No!

CODY:
(slaps her)
Didn't raise a finger! Just stood there and watched Big Ed kill her!

VERNA:
Ya got it wrong, Cody! I swear!

CODY:
(slaps her again)
Maybe ya laughed about it later? An old woman tryin' to stand up to a guy like that!

VERNA:
I tell ya, ya got it all wrong! I tried to warn her - but he caught me and beat me. And then when Ma came he was waitin' for her and he - he---
(sobs)
Oh, I can't tell ya, Cody!

CODY:
Tell me...

VERNA:
(low)
He got her in the back.

Cody takes a deep breath.

VERNA:
Ya gotta be careful, Cody! He's got the house all rigged like a trap. Ya can't get in unless I tell ya how.

CODY:
I'm waitin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

272. INT. BEDROOM MED. SHOT BED NIGHT

The room is in almost pitch darkness. In bed is a figure huddled as though in sleep. The tinkling of the alarm BELL downstairs is HEARD.

DRAW BACK SWIFTLY TO SHOW Big Ed tensing in a chair, cocking his revolver. He moves silently to the bed, rearranges the pillows beneath the covers so that they look more like a man sleeping, then tiptoes back to a vantage point commanding the door. He lifts his revolver. A slight CREAKING of stairs is heard. Big Ed's finger readies on the trigger. The door handle turns, the door opens a couple of inches.

VERNA'S VOICE:
(softly)
Ed....Ed...

As she enters room, reaches for the "figure" in bed:

BIG ED:
Stay where you are!

VERNA:
(swinging around - startled)
Ed!

BIG ED:
What was that bell?

VERNA:
(under a strain)
It was me, Ed.

BIG ED:
What were you doing?

VERNA:
I couldn't go through with it.
I tried and I couldn't!

BIG ED:
Make sense.

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont.)

VERNA:
(it is wrung from her)
I was gonna take the car and beat it.
I was scared. But I don't wanta go
any more.

During this, Big Ed has come closer to her, off-guard.

273. CLOSE BIG ED AND VERNA

Half-opened door in b.g., Big Ed's back to door. He puts his arms around her, tightly. His revolver muzzle is hard against her back.

VERNA:
(as though in pain)
Ed....the gun...

He tosses gun onto bed, crushes her to him. Releasing her he sees the strain in her face.

BIG ED:
Still got nerves?

VERNA:
(nodding)
I'd like a drink. Please - Ed...

She maneuvers out of his arms, goes to bureau on which stands a bottle and some glasses. Ed moves over near door to hallway, snaps light switch. As light comes on and Ed turns -

274. FULL SHOT CODY

In open doorway of connecting door to another bedroom. His face is deadly, his gun raised.

275. BIG ED

Fear in his eyes. He acts instinctively, knowing his death is at hand. He wheels, races through the door to hallway. Verna waits, frozen.

276. FLASH SHOT ON CODY

as he pulls trigger. Gun flames twice.

277. DOOR

as Big Ed, hit, stumbles through door, slamming it shut behind him. Cody comes swiftly INTO SHOT, his gun spitting death through the door.

278. UPPER HALLWAY NEAR STAIRS PANNING SHOT

as Big Ed, fatally wounded, stumbles with his last bit of strength toward the head of the stairs. He falls, tumbling heavily down them, CAMERA PANNING.

279. BIG ED AT FOOT OF STAIRS

He lies there in a twisted position - dead.

280. HEAD OF STAIRS

as Cody comes in and stares down at Big Ed's lifeless body. Slowly Verna comes in and stands beside him, almost afraid to look down at what she knows she will see.

281. REVERSE ANGLE SHOOTING PAST CODY TO INCLUDE FRONT DOOR

through which Vic, Ryley, and Reader now drift. They look at Big Ed's body, then up at Cody.

282. CLOSE ON CODY

His expression, as he returns their look, tells them: "That's what happens to anyone who crosses Cody Jarrett."

FADE OUT.

PART II TO FOLLOW

283. INT. LODGE HOUSE FULL SHOT DAY

Cody, Vic, the Reader, Ryley, Cotton, Happy and Het Kohler are seated around a table, poring over the detailed lay-out of a factory, which Cotton, Het and Happy use to illustrate a heist planned by the late Ed Somers.

HAPPY:
Ed said the joint was a cinch for fifty grand.

CODY:
So far it smells. But what did ya expect from Big Ed? Go on.

HET:
Well, the way he had it figured, we pile outa the cars here - slug the guards - grab the payroll here - and blast our way out. Take fifty seconds.

RYLEY:
They got cars and they follow ya.

COTTON:
That's where we use the gas truck, Cody. I stall it right in the gates. When we beat it in the getaway cars, I got the truck keys in my pocket.

CODY:
Where do ya get a gas truck?

HET:
We got one stached in the trees. Bought it with our own dough. Twelve grand.

CODY:
You bought a gas truck! Have you forgotten how to steal one?

READER:
Maybe it ain't so bad, Cody. Twelve grand and ya get fifty.

CODY:
Fence it and ya wind up with twenty. What're ya gonna do with that - buy a couple more trucks?

VIC:
(carefully)
A joint like that's got the serial number of every bill. Any guy says he can fence fifty grand of it's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

283 (Cont.)

HAPPY:
The Trader ain't crazy.

VIC:
The Trader?

CODY:
My manager, kid.
(Vic conceals his excitement)
Let's take a look at this twelve-grand jalopy.

As they start out Verna emerges from her room upstairs.

VERNA:
Oh, Cody - my radio ain't workin' again.

CODY:
So what do ya want for it - Unemployment Insurance?

VERNA:
(petulantly)
Can't I run down to San Berdoo and get it fixed?

CODY:
Nobody moves outa here until I say so! Go back to bed and read your comic books.

She returns to her room. The others have exited, but Vic has lingered behind and goes outside with Cody.

284. EXT. LODGE HOUSE MOVING SHOT VIC AND CODY

tagging behind the rest of the mob.

VIC:
This guy ya call the Trader. Can ya trust him?

CODY:
Why?

VIC:
(shrugging)
I wouldn't like my share of any caper bein' handed to some guy might disappear with it.

CODY:
(grinning)
Suspicious, ain't ya?

(CONTINUED)

284 (Cont.)

VIC:
Just careful.

CODY:
Ya don't have to worry about the Trader. Pays off on the spot. Nice, clean bills.

VIC:
How does he get rid of the stuff?

CODY:
Ships over to Europe. Collects both ends.

VIC:
Smart operator, huh?

CODY:
Ya didn't see any bills from the tunnel job poppin' up, did ya?

VIC:
(a grin)
Uh-uh. I like him better now.

285. EXT. FULL SHOT GASOLINE TRUCK DAY

as they reach the fringe of trees, where Het yanks off a tarpaulin to reveal gasoline truck - a huge, shining fourteen-wheeler. The Reader and Tommy Ryley swarm over it, examining everything with childlike curiosity. Even Vic and Cody are impressed. Het, Happy and Cotton await Cody's verdict eagerly.

CODY:
(studying truck thoughtfully)
Hey - not bad. Maybe your twelve-grand don't go down the drain after all.
(opens storage-compartment door)
Say, Het - you're quite a guy with a blow-torch. Could ya cut a hole from in here up into the tank?

HET:
Easy.

Cody dances a little high-spirited jig.

CODY:
We're back in business, boys. But not Big Ed's way. And not for any fifty G's. First a question. Say ya wanted to push in a joint like Fort Knox and

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.)

CODY: (Cont.)
grab a cuppla tons of gold - what's the toughest thing in a job like that?

RYLEY:
Gettin' inside the joint.

CODY:
A silver dollar for the gentleman in the balcony. Right on the button. Gettin' in. And that brings me to a little story Ma used to tell me when I was a kid. A story about a horse.
(Cotton and Het look at each other blankly)
'Way back there was a whole army tryin' to knock over a place called Troy and gettin' nowhere fast. Couldn't put a dent in the walls. Then one morning the people in Troy wake up and look over the walls - and the army's taken a powder. Men, boats, the works. Just one thing they left behind: a big wooden horse.
(licks his lips)
Well, according' to Ma...

DISSOLVE TO:

286. EXT. GASOLINE TRUCK

A bee-hive of activity. Cotton is painting a stencil on the side of the driver's cab: "Capacity 18,000 lbs." Happy and Ryley are bent down into the innards of the motor. Het lowers a light-plug attached to a length of electric cord through a hole in top of gas compartment. Reader is in driver's cab.

287. INT. GASOLINE COMPARTMENT

Vic, using a flashlight, receives the light plug as it is lowered in by Het. He screws in a bulb, which lights up the submarine-like compartment.

VIC:
(calling up)
Okay - try it.

288. EXT. GASOLINE TRUCK

as Het, hearing Vic, nods to Reader in driver's cab.

289. EXT. MOVING SHOT STATION WAGON

entering lodge grounds driven by a distinguished-looking STRANGER. He is dressed for fishing - Abercrombie & Fitch style: flies and lures in hat-band, wicker creel, etc.

290. GROUP AT TRUCK (STATION WAGON APPROACHING IN B.G.)

The men pause warily and watch the station wagon pull to a stop nearby. As the man gets out:

291. INT. DRIVER'S CAB CLOSE READER

He blows the horn - short-long-short - then descends.

292. GROUP AT TRUCK

The Stranger saunters up to group, creel over shoulder.

STRANGER:
Run out of gas?

The men, tense, ugly, say nothing. At this moment Vic crawls out of the storage compartment. This is a dead giveaway, and they know it. The stranger, however, tactfully ignores it. He coughs gently.

STRANGER:
I was - ah - wondering if I might use your telephone.

COTTON:
There ain't a phone for five miles.

STRANGER:
Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

293. MOVING SHOT CODY

Summoned by the horn, he has come from the house. As he reaches group -

CODY:
Lost your way, mister?

STRANGER:
(turning)
Oh, good morning. No, I wanted to call my office, but these gentlemen ---

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

CODY:
There's a phone inside. I'll show ya where it is.

STRANGER:
(looks from group to Cody)
Why - ah - thank you very much.

He follows Cody OUT OF SHOT and toward the house. The others grimly watch them go.

READER:
There's a call that's gonna cost more'n a nickel.

HET:
Looks like Big Ed'll have company.

RYLEY:
And we got a new station wagon.

He elaborately puts a finger to each ear, closes his eyes, waiting for the shot.

294. INT. LODGE HOUSE

as Cody and Stranger enter, close door.

CODY:
How's fishin'?

STRANGER:
Fine, Cody. Good catch.

They shake hands warmly, then the Stranger opens his creel and withdraws rolled blueprints.

CODY:
Ya like the truck idea, huh?

TRADER:
Admirable. We might <u>all</u> profit from a closer study of classical literature.

CODY:
(looks at blueprints)
Chemical plant. Guess that's Long Beach way.

TRADER:
That's close enough. You know the way I work, Cody. I must ask you not to insist on knowing the exact location until you reach the rendezvous.

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.)

CODY:
Sure, Trader, sure. There's only one thing matters - how much has this joint got in the kitty?

TRADER:
$240,000 will be placed in their safe before closing time tomorrow and paid out to the deserving employees the following morning - barring an unforeseen accident, of course.

CODY:
Such as me and my boys.

TRADER:
Exactly.

295. EXT. AT TRUCK

Ryley lowers fingers from ears. The men are puzzled.

RYLEY:
What are they doin' - dancin'?

READER:
Maybe they found they went to school together.

HET:
They might be buddies at that -

VIC:
Well, comethin' funny's goin' on.

Wipes hands on grease-rag, starts off.

296. INT. LODGE HOUSE CODY AND TRADER

Trader re-fastens lid of creel. Cody continues to examine blueprints.

TRADER:
I've had my eye on the place for months, Cody, but until you hit upon the Trojan horse idea there was simply no way of getting in a large enough body of men.

CODY:
These checking gates. That means a pass for the driver - identity cards and stuff. We're all hot.

(CONTINUED)

296 (Cont.)

TRADER:
Your truck will be driven past the checkers by an ex-convict of my acquaintance who now leads a scrupulously honest life - as a truck driver for this very firm.

CODY:
Smooth.

Vic enters.

VIC:
Sorry to bust in, Cody - but we're finished out there and I thought ya might want to check it.

CODY:
I'll be right out.

Vic goes to door, hesitates, turns.

VIC:
Havin' much luck, mister?

TRADER:
Hadn't started. I was just on my way.

VIC:
Oh. Do much fishin' up here?

TRADER:
Every year.

VIC:
What're ya after, mister?

TRADER:
Bass.

VIC:
(slams door shut)
Get this guy, Cody! He's a phony!

TRADER:
I beg your pardon.

VIC:
This is trout country. There ain't bass for a hundred miles.

Trader looks to Cody, who chuckles heartily.

VIC:
What's so funny?

CODY:
Ya're right on your toes, kid. That's rich.

(CONTINUED)

296 (Cont.1)

CODY: (Cont.)
(a look at Trader)
Bass! Got ya, didn't he? This is the guy I was tellin' ya about. Trader -- meet Vic Pardo.

VIC:
How are ya, Mr - er -

TRADER:
(smoothly)
Forgive me, but I keep my identity from all but the leaders of a very few select organizations.

CODY:
Forget it, Trader. Vic's my partner. Fifty-fifty.

TRADER:
(puzzled)
Cody Jarrett giving fifty-fifty?

CODY:
(rather sharply)
I split even with Ma, didn't I?

TRADER:
I see.
(extends his hand)
The name's Daniel Winston - San Diego -
(with a smile)
- Securities.

VIC:
(as they shake hands)
Glad to know ya, Mr. Winston.

He isn't kidding.

DISSOLVE TO:

297. EXT. THE LODGE LONG SHOT NIGHT

The windows dark. A second-story window opens silently and a man begins to climb out. There is a faint crackling of a man's footsteps as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Happy Taylor, behind a tree, watching the window. As the figure drops quietly to the ground Happy's hand goes to his shoulder holster.

298. MED. SHOT VIC

beneath the window, picks himself up. He looks around carefully, ignorant of the fact that he is being watched; creeps stealthily along the side of the house, then veers away toward the trees and the road beyond.

299. CLOSE SHOT HAPPY TAYLOR

concealed behind the tree, revolver ready.

300. MED. FOLLOW SHOT VIC

heading through the trees, toward a road in b.g. HOLD as from behind tree - directly into Vic's path - steps Happy Taylor, revolver aimed.

HAPPY:
Goin' someplace, Pardo?

Vic goes into action, utilizing his official jui-jitsu training. One arm swings Happy's gun away. In the same motion he clamps the arm in a vise-like grip. The gun drops as Happy's face twists in pain. A blow to his stomach doubles him up. Another on the jaw fells him. It has all happened swiftly, silently. Vic kneels to examine the unconscious figure. A pair of legs steps into SHOT behind Vic, one foot kicking Happy's gun away.

CODY'S VOICE:
(softly)
Somethin' wrong, kid?

Vic stiffens. DRAW BACK as he rises. Cody stands a few feet away, his face hard, expressionless. He holds a gun. Vic decides offense is the best defense.

VIC:
(harshly)
Tell your gorillas I don't like bein' pushed around.

CODY:
(calm - threatening)
My orders were nobody leaves.

VIC:
That might go for hoods like him - but if I got a reason to leave - I leave.

CODY:
(voice hard)
Nobody's got any reasons I don't know about!

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.)

Happy stirs, sits up, retrieves his gun.

HAPPY:
He jumped me, Cody.

CODY:
Get back on the job.

Happy leaves, nursing his jaw. Cody turns back to Vic.

CODY:
(soft - menacing)
That was pretty fancy wrestlin', kid. Where'd ya learn it?

VIC:
In the Army.

CODY:
You're lyin'. They don't take cons in the Army.

VIC:
When the war started I didn't have any record except kid stuff.

CODY:
What were ya doin' just now, soldier - goin' over the hill?

VIC:
No. I got to thinkin' I could slip into L.A. - be back before anybody knew.

CODY:
What goes on in L.A.?

VIC:
My wife. She don't know where I am. When we crashed out I didn't leave no forwardin' address.

CODY:
(after a pause)
Mmm.

VIC:
That's the truth, Cody.

CODY:
Then why didn't ya ask me?

VIC:
I figured ya'd get sore.

CODY:
So ya took off on your own.

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.1)

VIC:
Been a long time since I seen her. I'm human, like anybody else.

CODY:
All right, kid, all right. You're just lonesome - like me.

VIC:
You? What about -?
(gestures toward house)

CODY:
Verna?
(snorts)
All I ever really had was Ma - and now she's gone. Ya remember your mother, kid?

VIC:
She died before I even knew her.

301. CLOSE ON CODY

He seems to be staring past Vic to some distant point of his own. His voice is low - a half-whisper.

CODY:
I just been walkin' around thinkin' of mine. Ma didn't have much. Always runnin' - always on the move. Some life. First there was the old man - died screamin' and kickin'. And after that, just takin' care of me all the time, wantin' me to be on top of the world. Times when I thought I was losin' my grip there was Ma right behind me, pushin' me back to the top again. And now what's she got to show for it?

302. CODY AND VIC

VIC:
Well, anyway, she's quit runnin', Cody.

CODY:
Yeah...Ya know, kid, I'd like to stop runnin' myself sometime, but there's somethin' drivin' me - always drivin' me - in here -
(touches temple)
Won't let me alone. But just now - walkin' around out there - I was okay.

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont.)

CODY: (Cont.)
Seemed there was just me and Ma. Ya know what - thinkin' about it, it was like I was dead, too. And it was kind of a good feelin'...
(rejecting all this)
Aaah, maybe I am crazy. Let's go in and have a drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

303. INT. LODGE

Verna, in negligee, is at sideboard mixing drinks.

CODY:
Tell you what, Vic. We'll pick up your wife sometime after the job tomorrow. Maybe the four of us can take a trip...relax for a while.

VIC:
Sounds good to me.

VERNA:
(handing drink to Cody)
You mean it, honey? We could have fun. Live big. Money's just paper if ya don't spend it.

CODY:
It's just an idea.

VERNA:
But it's a good idea. Europe, maybe. Paris! Rubbin' shoulders with the best of 'em.
(acting it out)
How'd'ja do, Countess...My hands drippin' jewels - sable on my back. I'd knock their eyes out. Ya'd be awful proud of me, Cody.

CODY:
Don't blow your top.

VERNA:
(handing Vic drink)
He ain't thought of a vacation for years. Don't let him forget it.

CODY:
(lifts glass)
To us, kid. Top of the world.

Vic lifts glass. They drink. Over rim of glass, Vic thoughtfully eyes Verna. A plan formulates.

VIC:
(casually)
How's the radio comin'?

VERNA:
A crystal set'd play better.

(CONTINUED)

303 (Cont.)

VIC:
Maybe I could get it workin' for ya?

VERNA:
Wish ya could, Vic. I'm dead without music.

CODY:
Skip it. We'll get a new one.

VIC:
I don't mind, Cody. Keep me busy. I couldn't sleep anyway.

CODY:
Whatever ya say, kid.

VERNA:
(at cabinet)
I was just gettin' ready to throw it away.
(brings portable radio to Vic.)

VIC:
I ain't makin' any promises, remember.

CODY:
(to Verna)
We better hit the hay. You're liable to catch cold in that thing.
(as they start out)
See ya in the morning, Vic.
(with a chuckle)
And this time keep your windows closed.

Vic answers with a grin. Cody and Verna exit. Vic, a frown on his face, stares down at radio.

DISSOLVE TO:

304. INT. VIC'S ROOM CLOSE ON RADIO NIGHT

revealing the inner mechanism. Vic's hands work swiftly, remove the transformer. PULL BACK to show that he has already taken out two tubes and detached some wires. Also extracts two extra "B" batteries from storage space. Skilfully, he attaches these odd pieces to each other, wires them, tests them by touching two wires to each

(CONTINUED)

304 (Cont.)
other. A buzzing SOUND is HEARD as the circuit is closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

305. EXT. LODGE FULL SHOT DAY

scurrying activity. The truck has been brought out into the open. A black sedan is parked behind it. The men are passing small boxes, weapons, ammunition, flashlights, and blow-torch equipment in through the storage compartment. Vic is lying beneath the rear axle of truck, apparently attaching an anti-static chain. Cody and Verna come from house. Cody pauses at rear of truck.

CODY:
What ya doin', kid? We're on our way.

306. CLOSE VIC BENEATH TRUCK AXLE

He is attaching chain. Cody's legs visible in SHOT.

VIC:
Gotta have a chain bounce on the ground - get rid of electricty.

CODY'S VOICE:
That's only when ya got gas or chemicals sloppin' around inside.

VIC:
Ya want some traffic cop to think we got a load of somethin' else?

CODY'S VOICE:
That's usin' your head. But snap it up.
(his feet move away as he begins final instructions)
Now ya've all been told what to do...

During this Vic puts chain aside and busies himself furtively with something else.

307. INSERT RADIO OSCILLATOR

Vic's hands, working on oscillator he has fashioned from parts of portable radio, swiftly connect a wire running from the motor's generator to a terminal.

308. MED. FULL GROUP

Vic emerges from under rear of truck. Verna is at wheel of sedan. During the foregoing Cody has continued with his instructions.

CODY:
Ya know where the rendezvous is. We pick up our driver there at five o'clock so we get to the plant right after the day-shift's checked off. Vic - Tommy - we ride to the rendezvous in the truck. The rest of ya go with Verna in the sedan. Make your own time, but be there.

As everyone piles into the two vehicles. -

DISSOLVE TO:

309. EXT. HIGHWAY FULL SHOT DAY

The truck rolling down the highway, Ryley driving, Cody and Vic beside him in cab.

310. CLOSE SHOT (MOVING) ON RADIATOR OF TRUCK DAY

Steam starts to spiral out of radiator. PAN UP to SHOOT THROUGH WINDSHIELD. A look of grim satisfaction crosses Vic's face briefly as he pretends not to notice. Cody frowns.

CODY:
Twelve thousand bucks and this tin can makes tea.

VIC:
We better get water. A cracked radiator won't get us where we're goin'.

RYLEY:
Gas station down the hill, Cody.

CODY:
(after a moment)
Pull in. Watch yourself.

DISSOLVE TO:

311. EXT. GAS STATION

An elderly, beaming man approaches the truck.

ATTENDANT:
Fill 'er up?

CODY:
With water, bub. Check the radiator.

Seeing the look, attendant goes to front of truck, lifts hood, peers in. Vic watches stonily, from a cab which is tipped in b.g.

ATTENDANT:
Dry as a bone. Someone left the valve open.

312. VIC AND CODY

By no sign does Vic's face indicate that this is what he knew the attendant would find.

ATTENDANT'S VOICE:
Be just a minute while I give her a long drink.

VIC:
You got a washroom, bud?

313. FULL SHOT

ATTENDANT:
(points - proudly)
Cleanest in the west.

He starts to hose radiator as Vic climbs down from truck and starts toward rear of gas station where a small wooden frame building stands with a white lettered sign above it: "WASHROOM - CLEANEST IN THE WEST".

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

314. CLOSE ON RADIATOR

as water comes up to top. Attendant's hand turns off the hose, withdraws it, replaces radistor cap. DRAW BACK to WIDE ANGLE.

(CONTINUED)

314 (Cont.)

ATTENDANT:
There you are. Good as new.

CODY:
(to Ryley)
Get Vic.

315. INT. WASHROOM VIC

He is looking frantically for something - finally finds it in a locker - a bar of cleaning soap. At the wash-basin he moistens soap and with it writes on mirror: "POLICE - CALL EVANS TREASURY - RADIO SIGNAL-FALLON". He hears footsteps, swiftly divests himself of jacket, hangs it from light-bracket over mirror, obscuring message. Door opens.

RYLEY:
Cody's gettin' anxious.

VIC:
Be right there.

Ryley exits. Vic gets his coat, exits.

316. AT TRUCK

Attendant is wiping off the windshield. Cody waits impatiently. Ryley comes in, followed by Vic. They climb into truck.

VIC:
I thought you said cleanest in the west?

ATTENDANT:
You ever seen one cleaner, mister?

VIC:
The mirror's so dirty ya see double.

The truck moves off out of SHOT, leaving the attendant glaring after them angrily.

ATTENDANT:
Wise guys. Didn't even buy gas.

He looks speculatively off at washroom for an instant, then shrugs and goes about his business.

DISSOLVE TO:

317. EXT. REAR OF SMALL ROADHOUSE LATER AFTERNOON

This is a small roadhouse off the main highway. Verna and the members of mob are standing by sedan, smoking. The gas truck swings in from highway, comes around the rear where group is waiting. It stops. Cody, Ryley and Vic alight.

CODY:
Wait here.

He goes off toward rear door of roadhouse.

318. MED. SHOT TRADER

He materializes in doorway as Cody enters SHOT.

CODY:
Where do we go, Trader?

Trader hands folded piece of paper to Cody, who glances at it, whistles appreciatively.

TRADER:
You should be back in about three hours. I'll wait.

CODY:
We'll be here. Where's the driver?

TRADER:
Having a drink. He'll be right out.

CODY:
(calls off)
Into the wooden horse, boys.

319. AT TRUCK

as the men climb in, Vic among them.

320. AT DOOR OF ROADHOUSE

The driver comes out. He is BO CREEL.

(CONTINUED)

320(Cont.)

CODY:
Well, Bo! I heard you were on the straight and narrow - drivin' a truck for a livin'.

BO CREEL:
(grins)
Tonight I hand in my resignation.

TRADER:
You'd better get started, Cody. Good luck.

Cody nods, starts off with Bo, CAMERA PANNING.

CODY:
There's a button up front. Press it once if trouble shows. Three or four times for all-clear.

BO CREEL:
I get ya.

They pause as Cody reaches Verna by sedan, shows her paper.

CODY:
Park outside - across the street. Anything goes wrong, lean on the horn.

Verna gets into sedan, drives off.

321. AT TRUCK

The last man is disappearing inside. Cody comes up. Bo Creel climbs into driver's cab.

CODY:
(calling inside)
How's it in there?

HET'S VOICE:
Can't breathe good - otherwise fine.

(CONTINUED)

321(Cont.)

CODY:
(grinning)
Who says we gotta breathe?

He climbs inside, closes door after him.

322. FULL SHOT

The Trader nods to Bo. Truck moves off.

DISSOLVE TO:

323. EXT. GAS STATION LATE AFTERNOON

The attendant is giving a customer his change. Another man comes in, gets into car beside driver.

MAN:
Somebody's ribbing you, Russ.
Take a squint in the mirror.

Car drives off. Attendant looks at washroom, then starts back toward it, picking up a bucket and damp rag.

DISSOLVE TO:

324. INT. EVANS' OFFICE LATE AFTERNOON

Evans, in his shirt-sleeves, is on the phone, face taut with excitement. Ernie Trent hovers anxiously nearby.

EVANS:
(into phone)
You bet I know what it means!
(to Ernie)
It's Hank!
(back to phone)
Call the FCC. Get every range-finding car they've got - ask them to clear the air. Now, listen...

(CONTINUED)

324(Cont.)
During this he has risen to his feet and is already slipping on his shoulder holster, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

325. FLASH SHOTS (IN MONTAGE EFFECT) LATE AFTERNOON

1. Agent's car, (F.C.C.) its square short-wave direction-finder antenna turning slowly.

2. A second car (F.C.C.) INT., the driver with headphones, the man beside him controlling the range-finder - like a submarine periscope being operated from below.

3. A third car, (F.C.C.) direction-finder equipped, containing anxious Evans and Trent in back seat behind driver and operator. Evans wears headphones.

DISSOLVE TO:

326. EXT. HIGHWAY LATE AFTERNOON

The truck coming down the highway.

327. INT. GAS TRUCK MED. CLOSE

The men crouched in the dim light from single bulb, much like men in single compartment of submarine. Cody has a bluepring spread out in front of him.

CODY:
...That's it. Everyone straight on what he's supposed to do?

They ad lib "Yeah," "Sure, Cody". "A cinch." Suddenly from distance a siren is heard. The light blinks off once. They all stiffen.

328. CLOSE VIC

his face impassive, but hopeful that this means help.

329. INT. CAR CLOSE ON BO CREEL (PROCESS) LATE AFTERNOON

His hand is close to the signal button as the SIREN comes CLOSER. He glances into rear-view mirror.

330. INT. GAS TRUCK MED. CLOSE GROUP

SIREN NOISE VERY CLOSE now. Cody has his gun out; other men are waiting - ready. They start at light, waiting for signal. Suddenly it blinks once more. Slight pause. Then it blinks again. And a third time. They all relax. Vic frowns.

331. EXT. HIGHWAY FULL SHOT LATE AFTERNOON

Bo slows truck, wheeling it over to side of highway as an ambulance reaches truck, speeds past. Bo presses down on accelerator - truck gains momentum.

DISSOLVE TO:

332. INT. EVANS' CAR

Suddenly the air-silence is broken. Evans hisses for quiet.. Through the headset comes a faint, rhythmic buzzing. As the range-finder is turned the signal strength increases. When it is at its loudest:

EVANS:
(into mike)
Station one! Got 'em! 270 degrees!

WIPE TO:

333. INT. HEADQUARTERS LATE AFTERNOON

Two agents on duty - one with headphones - the second preparing to mark signal progress on large map of Los Angeles suspended on wall behind them.

FIRST AGENT:
Station one has a signal - 270 degrees!

The second agent from a position on map draws a line radiating at an angle of 270 degrees from the vertical.

(CONTINUED)

328. ALREADY SHOT
329. " "
330. " "
331. " "

332. INT. EVANS' CAR (CAR A) LATE AFTERNOON

It is stationary. Evans sits beside driver, tensely watching Operator in back seat. Suddenly Operator hisses for quiet. Through headset comes faint rhythmic buzzing. As Operator turns range-finder, signal strength increases. When it is at its loudest:

CAR OPERATOR:
Got 'em!
(into mike)
This is Car A at La Canada and Verdugo. Receiving signal. 105 degrees. Will repeat...

WIPE TO:

333. INT. HEADQUARTERS LATE AFTERNOON

Two Agents stand before a large map of Los Angeles on wall. They have plotting instruments and wait for the information being received by another Agent who wears headphones and is receiving the messages as they come in.

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
(into mike)
Check.
(turns)
Car A at La Canada and Verdugo has a signal. 105 degrees.

One of the standing Agents draws a 105 degree bearing from intersection of La Canada and Verdugo.

FIRST AGENT:
Doesn't mean a thing till we get another bearing.

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
Ssh!
(into mike)
Come in, B.

334. INT. CAR B

It is stationary. Here, too, a signal is being picked up. The Operator in rear seat speaks rapidly into mike.

(CONTINUED)

334 (Cont.)

CAR B OPERATOR:
Car B at Valley and Garvey. Receiving signal. 316 degrees.

335. INT. HEADQUARTERS

as Car B's report comes through.

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
(into mike)
Check.
(turns)
Car B at Valley and Garvey. Bearing 316 degrees.

Second Agent draws this bearing on map.

335b. INSERT MAP

From the intersection of Valley and Garvey a line is drawn at 316 degrees. It intersects the first bearing on Colorado west of Allen in Pasadena.

335c. BACK TO SCENE

SECOND AGENT:
Colorado West of Allen in Pasadena!

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
(into mike)
Source of signal - area of Colorado and Allen in Pasadena! Will give general direction of route after next bearings.

DISSOLVE TO:

336. FLASH SHOTS (IN MONTAGE EFFECT) LATE AFTERNOON

1 - The truck proceeding along a highway.
2 - The occupants of the truck - CU's Vic and Cody.
3 - The Oscillator.
4 - Direction Finders turning.

DISSOLVE TO:

336a. INT. EVANS' CAR

In same location as before.

CAR A OPERATOR:
(into mike)
Car A. Bearing is now 138 degrees.

336b. INT. HEADQUARTERS

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:

Check.
(turns)
Car A bearing 138 degrees.
(into mike - as this bearing is drawn on map)
Come in, Car B.
(listens)
Check.
(turns)
Car B bearing 284 degrees.

Standing agents plot both these bearings from same car positions as before. This time the lines intersect at Main and Atlantic in Alhambra. The two points of location are now joined with a thick line, showing direction.

SECOND AGENT:
(to Agent with headphones)
Main and Atlantic in Alhambra!
General direction Southwest.

336c. INT. EVANS' CAR

Evans has a map open on lap, pencil ready.

OPERATOR:
(listens, then into mike)
Check.
(to Evans)
Source of signal Main and Atlantic in Alhambra. General direction Southwest.

Evans draws line similar to one on big map.

EVANS:
(to driver)
Head Southwest.
(to Operator)
Have Car B go Southeast.

As car drives away at speed -

DISSOLVE TO:

336d. FLASH SHOTS (IN MONTAGE EFFECT)

1 - The truck.
2 - The occupants.
3 - The Oscillator.
4 - The F. C. C. cars.

336e. INT. EVANS' CAR (A)

EVANS' OPERATOR:
(into mike)
Car A at Western and Slauson.
Bearing 158 degrees.

336f. INT. CAR B

CAR B OPERATOR:
(into mike)
Car B at Atlantic and Telegraph
Road. Bearing 235 degrees.

336g. INT. HEADQUARTERS

These bearings are drawn, intersection at Imperial and Figueroa.

SECOND AGENT:
Imperial and Figueroa.

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
(into mike)
Source of signal Imperial and Figueroa.

DISSOLVE TO:

336h. FLASH SHOTS (IN MONTAGE EFFECT) LATE AFTERNOON

1 - The truck.
2 - Operators calling in new bearings (silent).

DISSOLVE TO:

336i. INT. HEADQUARTERS CLOSE

The bearings being received and plotted on wall map and definite southerly direction down Figueroa now visible as a thick line continues to be drawn through all the points where bearings intersect (silent).

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

337. INT. EVANS' CAR CLOSE ON MAP IN EVANS' HAND

Pencil-marked similarly to larger map - with route direction becoming more visible.

338. WIDER ANGLE IN CAR

EVANS'
(looks up from map)
Looks like the Long Beach area.

(CONTINUED)

338 (Cont.)

CAR A OPERATOR:
(into mike)
Car A at Rosencranz and Western.
Bearing 156 degrees.

WIPE TO:

338a. INT. CAR B

CAR B OPERATOR:
(into mike)
Car B at Atlantic and Compton.
Bearing 244 degrees.

WIPE TO:

338b. INT. HEADQUARTERS CLOSE ON MAP

as the new bearings are drawn, intersecting at 198th and Figueroa.

FIRST AGENT:
Source of signal 198th and Figueroa.

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
(into mike)
198th and Figueroa.

WIPE TO:

339. CLOSE ON SIGN LOW ANGLE DUSK SEQUENCE

SHOOTING UP at sign over enormous chemical plant which reads: "THE LIBERTY COMPANY", CAMERA TILTS DOWN until it encounters a forbidding wire fence, then DOLLIES ALONG this until it reaches a smaller sign: "WARNING! KEEP OUT!" PAN AROUND to street as the fourteen-wheeler makes a turn and approaches the guard's shack. Armed guard seen. A maintenance truck is seen disappearing into plant, gates closing after it. As the truck slows down, guard steps out of the shack.

340. EXT. AT TRUCK

as the guard comes in, Bo waves. Guard nods, pushes button; gates open. Bo drives into the plant. As gas truck disappears, PAN AROUND to show Verna's sedan parked in b.g. across the street.

341. EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT ADMINISTRATION AREA

as gas truck stops near Administration Building. Bo alights, looks around quickly, sees that the area is deserted. He raps on the gasoline compartment. Out of the truck comes Cody, alone. He motions Bo to proceed ahead. Bo goes to door of Administration Building as others start to clamber out of truck.

WIPE TO:

342. INT. EVANS' CAR

which has moved to another location.

CAR A OPERATOR:
(into mike)
Car A at 166th and Western.
Bearing 138 degrees.

WIPE TO:

342a. INT. CAR B

CAR B OPERATOR:
Car B at Artesia and Alameda.
Bearing 256 degrees.

WIPE TO:

342b. INT. HEADQUARTERS

The last two bearings when charted meet at the same point of intersection as before.

FIRST AGENT:
(excitedly)
Same as before - 198th and Figueroa!

AGENT WITH HEADPHONES:
(into mike - urgent)
They must have stopped. 198th and Figueroa!

342c. INT. EVANS' CAR

CAR A OPERATOR:
Check.
(to Evans)
198th and Figueroa!

EVANS:
That's it!
(to Operator as car whizzes sharp right)
Send out a call. All cars - proceed 198th and Figueroa.

WIPE TO:

343. ALREADY SHOT
344. " "
345. " "

342 (Cont.)

EVANS:
Check. Come in Station Two.

AGENT'S VOICE:
(through mike)
Station two. Bearing unchanged for thirty seconds.

EVANS:
(excitedly)
Check. They've stopped!... Give me the last position.

AGENT'S VOICE:
(through mike)
In immediate vicinity 198th Street and Figueroa.

EVANS:
(into mike)
Attention all cars! Proceed to 198th. Street and Figueroa.

WIPE TO:

343. EXT. ADMINISTRATION AREA

The last men are emerging from gas truck, carrying the equipment. Cody leads them noiselessly up steps into Administration Building, posting Cotton as lookout at door.

344. INT. OFFICE

Two desks, a few filing cabinets, and in b.g. a large safe. A uniformed guard sits at desk playing solitaire, a tommy-gun beside him. The upper half of the wall is glass, affording a complete view of corridor from inside office. Bo appears in corridor, comes to door, raps on glass. Guard looks up, frowning. Bo shows his pass, gestures his mission is urgent. Guard goes to door, peers through glass at Bo's identification card. Satisfied, he unlocks door. As he steps in, Bo raises a gun.

BO CREEL:
Turn around.

As guard turns, Bo clips him viciously with butt of gun. Guard drops. Bo leans into hallway, beckons Cody and others in.

345. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the men file in past Bo, going to their appointed positions (Het and Happy to safe with equipment). Vic is for a moment face to face with Bo Creel. Bo's jaw drops. Vic goes straight past him.

346. CLOSE BO CREEL

Recognition snaps in his eyes. He moves swiftly to Cody's side, CAMERA WITH HIM.

BO CREEL:
Cody - that guy's a copper!

CODY:
(gasping)
No... !

BO CREEL:
I tell ya he's a copper! He's a T-man! His name's Fallon!

For a moment Cody stares uncomprehendingly at Bo. Then he whirls to face -

347. VIC PARDO

He has taken advantage of the preceding moment to grab the guard's tommy-gun, which he now levels at the men.

VIC:
Don't go for your guns.

348. FULL SHOT

Cody merely stares, his mind momentarily refusing to assimilate the actuality of the betrayal. His eyes are glassy. The rest of the gang, gaping in consternation, look to Cody for orders. Then Cody starts to laugh - softly at first, but becoming a hysterical outburst.

CODY:
(through laughter)
A T-man... How d'ya like that, boys?... A T-man... His name's Fallon... And we bought it... I bought it... Treated him like my kid brother... They must be waitin' to pin a medal on him...
(cannot stop laughing)

VIC:
(hard)
Solid gold. Now if you're finished with your pretty speech, face the wall. All of you.

During this last, Cotton appears, seen through window in b.g. as he comes swiftly toward office. He takes in the situation at once. Not by the flicker of an eye does Cody, or any of the others, give his presence away. Cody's continuing laughter drowns out any sound of footsteps.

(CONTINUED)

348 (Cont.)

CODY:
Yeah... A medal for the T-man...
Only maybe he'll get it sooner than
he thinks!

On cat's feet Cotton has edged up behind Vic, now slashes him across the temple with the butt of his gun. Vic drops. The laughter in Cody is gone. His gun comes down until it is pointing straight at the prostrate Vic's head.

COTTON:
(clutching him)
Cody, the joint's crawlin' with cops!

Slowly, Cody absorbs this - stares down at Vic - his gun hand drops to his side. Cody signals for Het to snap out the lights, moves swiftly to window, peers out through blinds.

349. EXT. ADMINISTRATION AREA (CODY'S ANGLE)

Deserted a few moments before, the area is now ringed with cars. Vague moving shadows can be seen as police and agents take up siege positions.

350. CLOSE CODY

A trap! But this isn't the end of Cody Jarrett. Not by a long shot. He signals for Tommy Ryley and Bo Creel to take vantage points on either side of the window. He moves stiffly to Vic, who stirs, groaning.

CODY:
Get up, copper.

BO CREEL:
Let him have it, Cody.

CODY:
And lose our ace in the hole? Uh-uh.
The copper's gonna walk us outa here
... ain't ya, copper? Get up.

He drags the groggy Vic to his feet.

VIC:
It won't work, Cody. They'll shoot
just the same.

CODY:
Coppers ain't gonna hurt one of
their own.

VIC:
They won't make any deals.

(CONTINUED)

350 (Cont.)

CODY:
Ya better pray they do.

EVANS' VOICE:
(through loudspeaker)
You're surrounded, Cody. You and your men might as well give up.

Cody whirls, listening, eyes gleaming in the half-light.

351. EXT. ADMINISTRATION AREA BEHIND GOVERNMENT CAR

Evans holds a microphone to his lips. Behind cars nearby crouch police and agents, ready to fire tear-gas guns.

EVANS:
(into microphone)
You haven't a chance. Come out with your hands up.

352. INT. OFFICE

Cody gestures for Cotton to stand guard over Vic. Then he moves to window. With gun barrel he shatters a window.

CODY:
(calls out - harshly)
We got your boy Fallon in here!
He'll be okay if ya do what I tell ya!

353. EXT. ADMINISTRATION AREA FULL FAVORING EVANS

His mouth tightens grimly. The other agents look at him. A pause, as he debates with himself.

354. PAN SHOT VERNA AND T-MAN

Verna, held in a T-man's half nelson, comes up to Evans, gasping, terrified.

T-MAN:
She says she can talk Jarrett out of it, Phil.

VERNA:
If I can, mister, will ya go easy on me?

EVANS:
Will you testify?

VERNA:
I'll tell ya everything I know if ya go easy on me!

(CONTINUED)

354 (Cont.)
Evans hands her the portable mike.

VERNA:
(into mike)
Cody - it's me - Verna - I fixed it up for ya, Cody. They don't want their guy hurt. Ya come out and they got a car for ya - they'll let ya get away - it's all set --

EVANS:
(angrily grabs mike - into it)
She said that on her own! No deal! Now either you come out or we come in after you. Talk, Jarrett. I'll wait ten seconds for your answer.

He gestures for the men holding the tear-gas to take aim at the window from which Cody has called out.

355. INT. OFFICE CLOSE ON CODY

Crouched at the side of the window, his answer to Evans' ultimatum is a demented cackle.

CODY:
Come out with your hands up, the man says. How d'ya like that, Ma? Don't know who they're talkin' to, do they?
(shouting)
Here's my answer, ya dirty --

His words are cut off by shots from his gun.

356. EXT. ADMINISTRATION AREA

as the shots tear into the steel of the ringed cars. The besiegers crouch behind them out of harm's way, but Verna, late in ducking, is hit. One glance tells Evans she is dead. Grimly, he gestures to the men with tear-gas guns. They raise their heads above the hoods of the cars behind which they are crouched, take aim.

357. INT. OFFICE CODY

His mind has snapped almost at the moment that he squeezed the trigger. He yells exultantly.

CODY:
<u>That was Cody Jarrett talkin'!</u>

The window shatters as three tear-gas bombs explode in the office. Mushrooms of blinding smoke envelop the men. Coughing, choking SOUNDS ARE HEARD. Cody, in his unreason, momentarily unaffected even by the gas, whirls toward where Vic was lying on floor. His view is obscured by the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.)

CODY:
Now it's your turn, pal.

He fires into smoke. A man's mortal scream is heard. Now the fumes get to Cody and tears stream from his eyes; he chokes - his breath rattling as he gulps for air.

358. CLOSE LOW ANGLE VIC AND COTTON

barely discernible in the swirling, blinding smoke. It is Cotton, standing guard over Vic, who has been fatally hit by the burst from Cody's gun. He falls across Vic, who grabs his gun and crawls into a corner, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket and holding it over his mouth. The remainder of the men, blinded, tears coursing down their faces, coughing, stumble out past him into the corridor.

359. INT. CORRIDOR GANG

as they stumble out. Tendrils of tear gas drift out into corridor. Cody exits last, tears streaming down his cheeks. He stands as if dazed.

BO CREEL:
(grasping Cody by arm)
The side door, Cody. We can make a break for it.

Cody allows himself to be led by Bo down corridor towards side door. They are followed by Happy, Het and Ryley. PAN TO office door as Vic, choking, picks himself up and drags himself to door. He stands there, breathing in deep draughts of clean air.

359a. SIDE DOOR ADMINISTRATION AREA

Cody motions to Het and Happy to go out first, as though they were a reconnaissance team. PAN WITH THEM as they stealthily walk out. As Bo, Cody, Ryley and the Reader start to follow, several yards behind, Happy and Het are mowed down by machine gun fire. Cody, Bo, Ryley and the Reader duck back through the door into the corridor.

359b. INT. CORRIDOR THE GANG

Bo, followed by Cody, Ryley and the Reader run down the corridor toward rear door. Bo starts to open door.

360. EXT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. AREA LATE EVENING

Police and T-men converging area from right and left. They stand ready with guns. (They do not cover rear door.)

EVANS:
Fan out!

360a. EXT. REAR DOOR LATE EVENING

It bursts open and the gang breaks out.

360b. POLICE AND T-MEN LATE EVENING

They are attracted to the rear door and start firing.

361. REAR DOOR EXT. LATE EVENING

Gang returns fire as they start running. An answering burst of fire from o.s. drops Bo Creel. The remaining members of the gang, seeing their escape cut off, veer around the corner of the building into the protective labyrinth of the plant itself.

362. EXT. AT GOVERNMENT CARS LATE EVENING

Evans races in.

EVANS:
Don't fire unless you've got a clear target. This place is a stack of dynamite.
(to an agent)
Get the fire department.

The men move cautiously toward rear of plant. PAN TO rear door as Vic comes out, waving handkerchief. Evans recognizes Hank and hurries to him. (NOTE: Vic will henceforth be known as Hank Fallon again.)

EVANS:
Are you all right, Hank?

HANK:
(nodding)
Get a car out to Charlie's Roadhouse - Highway 60, near Colton. Pick up Daniel Winston. He's the man we're looking for -- the fence.

EVANS:
(calling off)
Frank!

An agent comes up.

363. EXT. POLY AREA MOVING SHOT LATE EVENING

Cody, followed by Ryley and the Reader, staggers into the welter of pipes, tubes and motors. They pause. Cody leans against a generator, looks back.

364. WHAT HE SEES

Vague shadows closing in on the Poly Area. The Reader hides behind a large piece of tubing, preparing to make a break.

365. EXT. MOVING SHOT CODY LATE EVENING

followed by Ryley. The knowledge that the law is closing in gives Cody new strength. He exchanges fire, turns, staggers through a further labyrinth of turbines, generators and pipes. He and Ryley climb up a short metal ladder across a catwalk and then down again.

366. EXT. FULL SHOT GOVERNMENT MEN LATE EVENING

They are closing in. By now they are beginning to look like shadows.

367. MED. SHOT EXT. CODY AND RYLEY LATE EVENING

They break out of Poly Area again. Cody stares around wildly like a hunted animal. He sees super fraction area with its protective super structure. He motions to Ryley and they both head for it. The shadows are now deepening. Night is rapidly approaching.

368. EXT. BOILER AREA READER ALMOST DARK

runs into Poly Area, is spotted by an agent o.s., who fires at him. Reader returns the fire.

369. GOVERNMENT AGENT EXT. BEHIND TANK ALMOST DARK

He takes aim, fires at the Reader o.s.

370. EXT. CLOSE THE READER

He is hit and falls.

371. EXT. FOLLOW SHOT CODY AND RYLEY ALMOST DARK
NEAR SUPER FRACTION AREA

They take refuge for a moment behind a door. Cody leans against it, exhausted. He looks o.s.

372 (Out)

373. EXT. GROUP OF CARS EVANS, FALLON AND OTHERS

Police and agents pour out of cars. PAN QUICKLY TO another group of cars from which more agents and police run out. We see equipment and searchlights being set up and tested,
374(out) ready for use.

375. EXT. CODY AND RYLEY AT SUPER FRACTION AREA ALMOST NIGHT
376.

They move slowly with the desperation of men on whom the net is closing. Searchlights begin playing in the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

375-
376 (Cont.)

CODY:
It's getting dark - we'll make our break now.

He nudges Ryley to follow him, pointing towards Hortonsphere area. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they arrive at base of Hortonsphere. Cody starts up the steps as Ryley lags behind, hides by a large pipe. As Cody continues up the steps he hears:

RYLEY'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

He wheels around, stares down, his eyes searching.

377. WHAT HE SEES RYLEY IN BEAM OF SEARCHLIGHT NIGHT

his hands upraised, coming slowly forward toward light.

RYLEY:
(mumbling in terror)
Don't shoot! I'm coming out.

378. CLOSE ON CODY NIGHT

He raises his gun.

379. FULL SHOT NIGHT

Ryley, still in searchlight beam, coming toward T-men, his hands upraised. A SHOT IS HEARD. Ryley is hit, sinks to the ground. The agents wheel toward source of shot.

380. CODY NIGHT

He runs down the ladder of the Hortonsphere and starts running up ladder of another one. It is only the strength of madness that keeps him going. In running from one Hortonsphere to another he exchanges a few shots.

381. SIDE OF HORTONSPHERE CLOSE ON CODY NIGHT
382.
383. He scrambles up the ladder which is seen to wind around the steel bulbous sides. He stumbles up - up - up as the rays of searchlight hit him. He empties his gun right into the rays of searchlight. The light goes out. He continues to climb to the top of the Hortonsphere.

384. TOP OF HORTONSPHERE NIGHT

As Cody reaches it, he realizes dimly at first, that he has reached a dead end. There is no way down but the ladder he climbed. Voices o.s., drawing closer. Weaving slightly, aware now he has chosen his own death trap, he stands astride top of Hortonsphere, which is like the globe itself. He stands there alone - naked and unprotected - challenging the world in his madness.

385. ON GROUND NEAR HORTONSPHERE NIGHT

Evans and Fallon stand beside two cars, stare up. They know where Cody is. Evans hands Fallon the gun with a snooperscope.

HORTONSPHERE FROM THEIR ANGLE NIGHT

Now it is even more like a globe - the earth itself - with a lone, tragic figure standing atop it, claiming it, refusing to admit defeat.

EVANS' VOICE:
You might as well come down, Jarrett.
There's no one left but you.

386. TOP OF HORTONSPHERE CODY NIGHT

CODY:
(glares down, still
cocky, still top man)
Come and get me!

387. EVANS AND FALLON ON GROUND NEAR HORTONSPHERE NIGHT
(SHOOTING OVER FALLON'S SHOULDER)

Fallon brings up snooperscope, sighting Cody. CAMERA DOLLIES THRU UP TO sight and from this point on to end of scene we see the action in the sight of snooperscope by infra-red. We HEAR a shot fired. Cody is hit.

388(Out)

389. CLOSE SHOT FALLON AND EVANS NIGHT

Fallon still looking thru sight and firing. He hits Cody again.

FALLON:
(to Evans)
What's holding him up?

390. TOP OF HORTONSPHERE CODY NIGHT

Another bullet tears into his chest. He staggers, bites his lips against the surging pain. He realizes he's through.

CODY:
(hoarsely)
Anyway, Ma, I made it...Top of the world!

He is now out of his mind. He staggers against the rail, trying to shoot back at what hit him. Instead his bullets hit the pipe valve which holds the gas in the tank under pressure.

391. HORTONSPHERE MED. CLOSE CODY NIGHT

He is pumping slugs into the pipe. We HEAR SOUND of escaping gas. Suddenly the gas is ignited from the blast of Cody's gun and Cody is completely enveloped in flames.

391a. ON GROUND FALLON, EVANS AND OTHERS NIGHT

CAMERA PANS with them as they start running away from the flaming area. O.S. SOUND OF TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. The area is all lit up as they continue to run for cover.

391b. FULL SHOT EXPLOSION (STOCK) NIGHT

391c. HORTONSPHERE AREA (STOCK) NIGHT

Flames consuming what was once a cluster of Hortonspheres. Fire hoses playing on the fire, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

392. CLOSEUP EVANS AND FALLON (FIRE IN B.G. -PROCESS) NIGHT

They look at fire, say nothing. Then:

EVANS:
One man against the world.

FALLON:
(shakes head)
Why do they try?...Why do they try?

392a. FULL SHOT FIRE (STOCK) NIGHT

FADE OUT.

THE END

PICK-UP SHOTS 6/18/49
"WHITE HEAT"

31. WILD LINES: AT TUNNEL COVERING ZUCKIE LYING ON TRACKS:

"What happened?"

"Zuckie got scalded."

CODY: "Let's get out of here."

54. INSERT: INDICATING "TAHOE COUNTY MORGUE"

55. PAN SHOT OF LOS ANGELES - finishing on SHOT OF FEDERAL BUILDING READING: "LOS ANGELES FEDERAL DISTRICT" - DISSOLVING TO A DOOR MARKED: "U.S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT - LOS ANGELES DIVISION -- PHIL EVANS."

93. PAN SHOT - ANOTHER SECTION OF LOS ANGELES - WINDING UP ON INSERT OF "MILLBANK MOTEL" getting over point that this is San Fernando Valley.

71. REAR END OF MA'S CAR WITH MARKER ON BUMPER. CAMERA PULLS BACK AS EVANS' CAR DRIVES UP TO CURB BEHIND MA'S CAR.

76. SHOT FOR MA'S CHASE -- SHOT OF C CAR (Ford) MAKING FIRST RIGHT HAND TURN TO PICK UP MA'S CAR.

87. SHOT OF MA'S CAR FOLLOWED BY C CAR (Ford).

323a. SHOT OF POLICE LIEUTENANT PHONING EVANS:

POLICE LIEUT.:
(holding sheet of paper in his hand)
Radio signal - Fallon. Do you know what that means, sir?

(This after man tells gas station attendant that mirror in washroom is dirty.)

235 (Cont.)

DOCTOR:
(into phone)
Dr. Simpson speaking...Yes, Warden. I just finished my report on Jarrett. Violent. Homicidal. He'll probably have recurrent periods of normal behavior but... Yes, sir --- The psychiatrists are coming tonight. They'll commit him to the Institution... Yes, Warden... I suggest you prepare the release for him...Thank you, Warden.

NOTE: Make the two following SHOTS LONG ENOUGH FOR CUTS AS THE CAR APPROACHES GATE.

250. SHOT OF CODY AND RYLEY GETTING IN BACK OF CAR, LYING ON FLOOR.
(RYLEY IS OFF SALARY - We will have to bring him back for this.)

SHOT OF VIC GETTING IN FRONT OF CAR, LYING ON FLOOR.

300. EXT. LODGE WE HAVE TO POST SYNC WITH MICKEY KNOX ("Het") where he is telling Cody that Vic wanted to beat it.

HET:
He jumped me.

285. PICK UP SHOT OF HET OPENING COMPARTMENT OF THE GAS TRUCK. WE NEED THIS AS A CUT TO BRING VIC AND CODY INTO SCENE WHERE CODY SEES TRUCK FOR THE FIRST TIME.
(MICKEY KNOX IS OFF SALARY - we will have to bring him back for these shots.)

140. INT. DISPENSARY (Page 45) WHERE VIC GETS INTO A FIGHT: WE NEED A WILD LINE FROM A PRISON GUARD:

PRISON GUARD:
A little solitary will cool you off.

The line should be read by the guard as though he was struggling with Vic, pushing him out of the door.

NOTE: This line was recorded, but it is no good because the line reads:
"A little solitaire will cool you off."